

Special Features This Issue
"9th Annual American Star Race"
"Jones River Landing" - "Mouse Boats & Flats Rats"



~~To Dan F.~~ Library

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 21 - Number 20

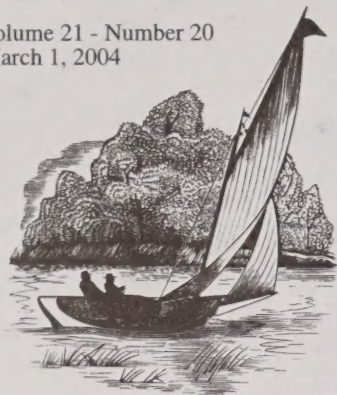
March 1, 2004



messing about in BOATS

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On the Cover...

The double-header snowstorm that hit the Northeast in early December did not stop six crews of Manhattan area high schools from competing in a foreshortened 9th Annual American Star rowing race in a sheltered corner of New York Harbor. Mary Nell Hawk's report is featured in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Jim Thayer, who regales us several times a year with tales of small craft adventures at Kokopelli or to Baja California, has become quite distressed with the overwhelming presence of motorized America afloat on Lake Powell in Arizona where his Kokopelli adventure takes place annually, and in searching around for some way to mitigate this intrusiveness came up with a unique notion he chooses to call "Quiet Time." I thought I'd turn over this page to Jim to bring you the letter he wrote about this to the National Park Supervisor.

"The recent discussion about the regulation of personal watercraft has crystallized my thinking on the matter of motorboats in general. Personal watercraft are regarded by a great many people, including a number of powerboaters, as a nuisance and a blight on the waterscape. They are undeniably noisy and their main use does not appear to be transportation per se, but rather exuberant roaring around merely for the sake of making noise, waves, and conspicuous display.

At Lake Powell they are seldom a problem unless one happens to be near their base of operation, frequently a houseboat. We often camp at the very end of canyons to be beyond the reach of houseboats and larger motorboats. However, it seems to be incumbent upon PWC drivers to run their machines to the very end of every canyon. They are obviously not interested in the place itself or sightseeing since they immediately turn around and roar back out.

PWCs are widely condemned because they are relatively new, tend to be run by young people, are obviously dangerous, and are, worst of all in the eyes of us mature boaters, pointless. In my view, personal watercraft at Lake Powell are not sufficiently obnoxious to warrant the trouble to try and regulate them.

A far greater problem is powerboats of all kinds. The majority of boats at Lake Powell are obscenely overpowered and produce prodigious wakes, and the worst of the lot, by far, are the government regulated tour boats. I have just read, with a chuckle, your brochure's admonition that "all vessels must operate at wakeless speed when within 150' of another vessel." Such a regulation is ludicrous.

I don't intend to present an impassioned brief for sailing. Suffice it to say that it is a valid, as well as benign, use of public waters. Furthermore, sailing for pleasure is incompatible with powerboating as practiced at Lake Powell. Consider how many square

miles of water are stirred up by the average powerboat per hour. Multiply that by dozens or hundreds. When there is a nice breeze it's bearable, but when the wind is light the poor sailor is nearly shaken to death. The wakes of these monsters in narrow canyons are a real menace.

What can be done so that sailors, canoeists, and kayakers can share the attractions of Lake Powell? There is no point in discussing regulations, manners, consideration, or anything else that might modify the impact of powerboats. To even think about it is a waste of time.

Likewise it is probably useless to try and set aside an area for the exclusive use of non-motorized craft. Motorboaters, like the ATV folk, would have a fit, nor would it satisfy most sailors.

To sum up:

1. Sailors, canoeists, and kayakers are citizens, tax payers, and spenders.

2. As such they have a right to use Lake Powell in a manner that gives them some enjoyment. The use of Lake Powell by non-motorized craft is unpleasant and, at times, dangerous due to the activity of motorboats.

3. The activities of motorboats while on the water cannot be controlled.

What to do?

In theory at least, the Park Service could undertake to shepherd sailboats, conveying them from place to place and keeping powerboats at a distance. I doubt that many will embrace this plan.

I do, however, have a plan to which there can be no serious objection. It is recommended by simplicity and fairness. Close Lake Powell to power boating for a short time each year. The last three weeks of October would be a good start. What fair minded person could object to giving up three weeks per year?

Give this time period nice name like "Quiet Time." It would be a chance for the lake to rest, give the fish a chance to get some sleep, give the Park Service personnel a break after a hectic summer, and it might even save a little money.

There might not be many participants the first year and the people in Page would scream, but I'm sure the numbers would grow rapidly when word of the joys of a calm lake got around. The idea might spread. Imagine every lake having a "Quiet Time."

Jim says he received no reply to his letter. It is unlikely to appeal to those who administer public lands for the greater good of the greater numbers of citizens.

EAST INDIA SQUARE
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"It pretty much spoils you
for any other rowing
boat."

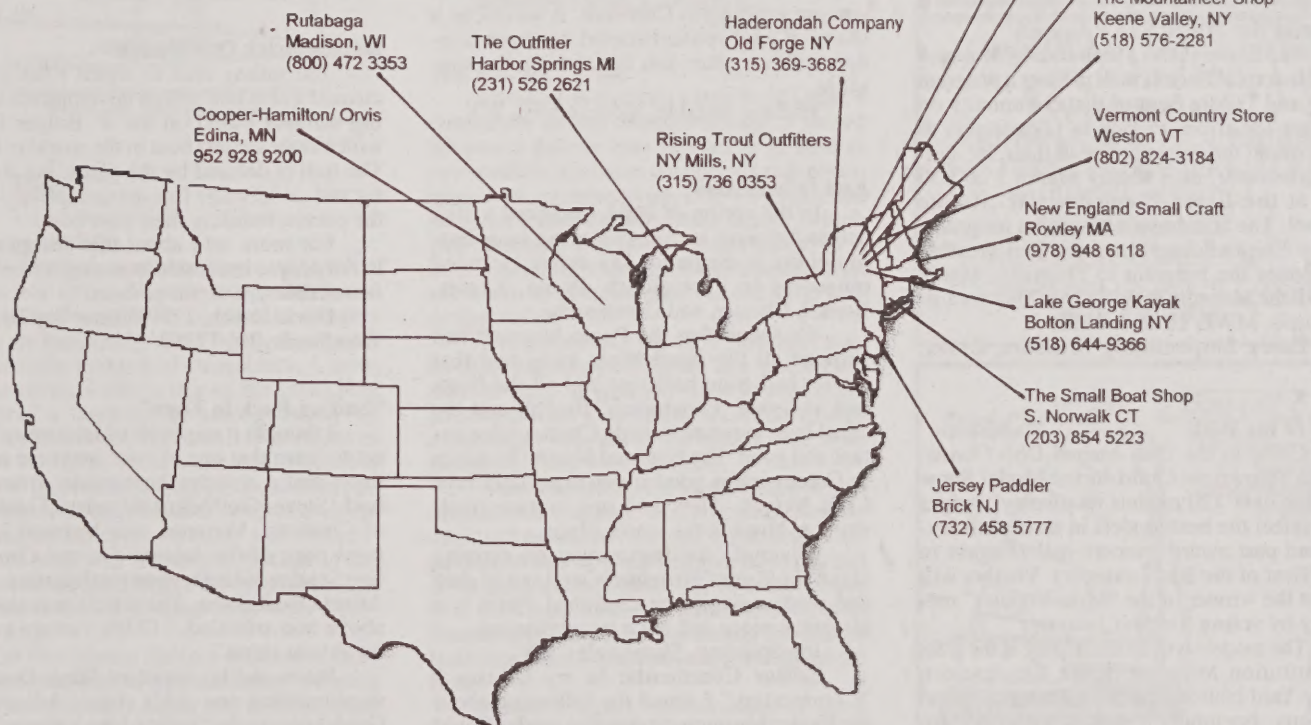
Yachting

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adirondack-guide-boat.com

"It is 5:15 a.m. I am rowing my
Steve Kaulback Adirondack Guide
Boat off the coast of Cape Cod. The
waters are glassy. My prow slices
the surface. I disturb several diving
cormorants. I am transfixed. I am in
touch. I am human. Great stuff.
Trust me."

Tom Peters, *Forbes*



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

2004 New Year's Day Row a Great Success

CROPC has a fleet of oar-on-gunwale rowboats. New Year's Day was especially calm and warm. We launched three One Two Three Freshet class boats and two non-club boats making a total of ten rowers on the water for a fine row, being possibly our largest New Year's Day row since the inception of the club 21 years ago. Indeed we had a grand fleet on the river.

We began our row from the club beach in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, rowed across the Connecticut River to Old Lyme, up along the scenic shores behind Calves Island, and back down. When spring arrives, anyone with an interest in rowing or paddling may join us on Sunday afternoons at 1 PM for informal rowing and paddling on the Connecticut River, weather permitting. Call (860) 388-2343 for confirmation. Bring your boats or use ours.

CROPC monthly meetings are held the first Wednesday at 7 PM. The meetings are held at the headquarters of the Maritime Education Network, 203 Ferry Road, Old Saybrook, CT 06475, phone (860) 388-4180, <http://www.oldsaybrookct.com/adulted/all.htm>, <maritime-edu@juno.com>

Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook CT 06475, (860) 388-2343, <jon.persson@snet.net>, <http://www.tsca.net/CROPC/>

Around the World Sail Program

The Essex (MA) Shipbuilding Museum and Historical Society will present a program by Q and Taddie Bent of that community on the last leg (from France to Gloucester) of their round the world cruise in their 36' sailboat, *Iolanthe*, on Tuesday March 2 at 7:30 PM at the Essex Elementary & Middle School. The \$6 admission benefits programs at the Shipbuilding Museum. Bad weather postpones the program to Thursday, March 4. Call the Museum at (978) 768-7541 for further info, MWF, 10 AM-4 PM.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Essex, MA

Best of the Best!

Come to the 25th Annual USS Constitution Shipwright Guild Juried Model Show and see over 120 models on display! Judges will select the best models in three skill levels and past award winners will compete in the "Best of the Best" category. Visitors will select the winner in the "Most Popular" category by voting for their favorite.

The models will be on display at the USS Constitution Museum in the Charlestown Navy Yard National Park in Boston, Massachusetts, beginning Tuesday, February 10, through Saturday, March 6. The USS Constitution Museum is open daily 10 AM to 5 PM. Admission to both the Museum and the model show are free. Donations are encouraged.

USS Constitution Museum, Building 22, Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, MA, (617) 426-1812, www.ussconstitutionmuseum.org

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory Courses

Although our 2004 boat building classes got underway in January, we have a number scheduled that begin in March running through May. Any readers who might be interested can request a catalog or visit our website.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 West Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, www.woodenboatfactory.org

Information of Interest...

Exeter Museum Closed

While the Illustrated Guide to Exeter Maritime Museum of Boats is interesting, you should accompany it with a note that points out it is only of historical value. This museum was closed about five years ago.

According to a rather old web page, the collection was being split between two sites, the Bristol Industrial Museum and a new museum being set up at Lowestoft. The British vernacular craft were to go to Bristol and non-British craft to Lowestoft. I don't know how much of the collection is actually on display today.

I visited it about 25 years ago. With a collection of more than 100 small working boats from all over the world it was rather overwhelming for a half-day visit.

Exeter is "a bit out of the way" unless you are heading to Cornwall. It would be a shame if your readers started out from London with no other aim but visiting the museum.

Wallace Venable, Morgantown, WV

And Others Also

In the spring of 2001 I planned a visit across the pond, including visiting some boat museums in England. My safari included museums in Portsmouth, Poole, Exeter, Bristol, Chester, and Greenwich.

We found that the Poole Museum had shipped all the small boats away and that Exeter had gone bankrupt and all the boats had vanished. Portsmouth, Bristol, and the canal boat museum outside Chester were extant and good. The National Marine Museum in Greenwich is good if you especially love Lord Nelson. They had one or two small wooden boats in the whole place.

Obviously the feature you are running about the Exeter Museum is well out of date and readers should be cautioned that it is a historical piece and not a travel planner.

Joe Spalding, Skaneateles, NY

Editor Comments: In my January 1 "Commentary" I stated the following about the Exeter Museum catalog that reader David Pardoe had picked up "many years ago." "I am now considering bringing this classic little catalog to you in its entirety as a winter season sort of small craft gathering, maybe sort of like a virtual reality experience." It hadn't occurred to me that anyone actually might decide to up and fly over to have a look. So

thanks to readers Venables and Spalding for advising us of the current status of the once upon a time Exeter Museum.

Mac's Recovering

Thought I should fill people in on what has been happening in my life lately. *WoodenBoat* magazine has a section called "Across the Bar" that prints obits of prominent boatbuilders and designers. Well, I don't know if I qualify for the prominent part, but I sure came close to crossing the bar. I could hear the breakers when I called 911. A triple bypass later I am still on this side of the bar. This has, however, made some major changes in my wife Alice's and my lives.

Alice and our cat are in an extended care facility, I am now home after a month and a half in the hospital and rehab. I had a few complications but seem to be progressing well now. I am afraid to open my shop until I have made further recovery, but should be back open for business by the end of January. After taking care of Alice for over a year, I can no longer help her, or she me, so we are selling the house and I will try to find a small apartment near the shop for me. Whoever called these years the golden years wasn't paying out almost a thousand dollars a month for prescription drugs.

I knew something was wrong with my body before the heart attack but went to our gathering at Okefenokee in November anyway. I knew if I had problems that was not the place to be, mainly because it would spoil the trip for other people. Yet really either there or in my shop is where I would want to be when I do cross over the bar.

Mac McCarthy, Feather Canoes, 3080 N. Washington Blvd., Unit 19, Sarasota, FL 34234, <hmcarr2360@al.com>

Racing Brick One Design

The sailing club to which I belong has created a new one design developmental racing sailboat based on the 8' Bolger Brick, which is the easiest boat in the world to build. The hull is defined by the plans, but the sail rig and underwater fins are completely up to the person building their own boat.

For more info about this design and a list of people interested in racing it, see <http://www.shortypen.com/pdracer/>

David Routh, 17N Timber Top Dr., The Woodlands, TX 77380

"Sailing Back in Time"

I thought it might be of interest to readers to learn that one of your longtime advertisers and a wooden boatbuilder from way back, Steve Kaulback, Adirondack Guideboat of Charlotte, Vermont, was featured on the front page of the *Atlanta Journal Constitution* Sunday Metro section participating in the Atlanta Boat Show. The article was titled as above and subtitled, "1830s vintage craft a hit at boat show."

Steve and his assistant Steve Donahue were building one of his classic Adirondack Guideboats in the "quiet of the hallway" outside the frenetic main halls chock a block full of consumer boats.

Steve was quoted at the conclusion of the article, saying, "They'll come out of there with headaches and almost a sense of expected mediocrity. Then they see these boats."

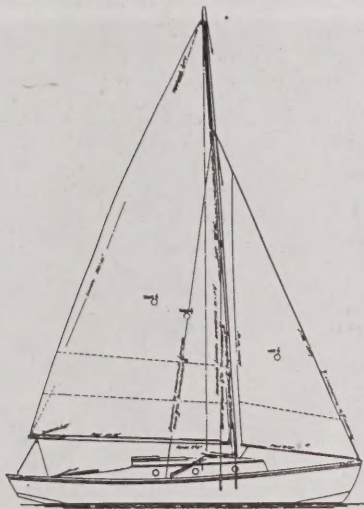
C. Keith Brasher, Alpharetta, GA

Information Wanted...

Chesapeake Baybird Class

I have been trying to learn more about the origin of the Baybird class that was apparently built in small numbers by the Oxford (MD) Shipyard, a.k.a. Oxford Boatyard, in the late 1930s. This was a hard chine planked 27' sloop with fixed keel. I believe that the Oxford shipyard was owned by J. Ramsey Speer at the time that the Baybirds were built. I visited the library of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, Maryland, but only found the 1938 *Yachting* magazine description of the boat. My father owned a Baybird from 1951 to 1955 (when I was two to six years of age). There is a hulk of a Baybird currently serving as a lawn decoration in Port Tobacco, Maryland (a sad sight!).

James R. Niederlehner, 6609 Hidden Woods Ct., Roanoke, VA 24018



The rig is modern and moderate in area

Opinions...

Is Sleeper Safe?

Normally, one of the charms of *MAIB* is the variety of small craft that it discusses. Most of these craft offer no unusual dangers if they are handled by sober boatspeople with a reasonable amount of experience. I wonder, however, if this is true of the small boat "Sleeper," a "cartoppable sailing cruiser" so far described in the 12/1 and 12/15 issues of *MAIB*? As far as I can make out, Sleeper is an 8' x 4' essentially closed plywood box, catboat rigged, designed also to be rowed. Sleeping compartments are on either side of a centerboard well and a cockpit. Access to the compartments is through a forward hatch. The compartments are covered over with a plywood deck.

On first glance Sleeper may seem to be an ingenious way to get maximum sleeping space out of a small, light, and versatile boat. On further thought, the design can be seen to be a coffin in which two people might suffocate or drown. The design is exactly the kind that would attract inexperienced children to go down into the sleeping compartments, accidentally or intentionally close the hatch, and then be unable to escape. It has the well known dangers of discarded refrigerators that

kill many children each year because their doors are left open.

Perhaps I do not understand Sleeper's design sufficiently. As far as I can see, the forward hatch is the only way that a person can get into or out of the sleeping compartments. The hatch door appears to be designed to be watertight when closed. When open, the hatch probably provides enough air for the occupants of the sleeping compartments. When closed, where are the air vent holes that prevent the "sleepers" from suffocating? In addition, what is to prevent the hatch from accidentally closing, or being closed, and being prevented from opening again?

I have other questions about Sleeper's design. It is designed to be rowed by a person sitting in the cockpit. This could be done, but if there are two people in the boat both cannot be in the cockpit. One must be sitting on the hatch. That will keep the hatch closed. Suppose there is a child in one of the sleeping compartments?

In terms of how Sleeper will handle, it can be rowed, but only slowly. Also, it can sail, that also very slowly. I happen to have built a boat somewhat like this myself and know a good deal about its handling capacity. Trying to power Sleeper with a small outboard motor would not be rewarding. Its top speed with a motor would be about the same as its top speed rowing.

As a place to sleep, I think Sleeper might also have a severe shortcoming for many people. Its bottom is round, that would make it more like sleeping in a hammock than sleeping on a table or floor.

So, I have a number of problems with Sleeper as it is now designed, the main one being safety.

Bradford Lyttle, Chicago, IL

Yes, Sleeper is Safe

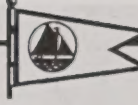
I'd like to respond to Bradford Lyttle's comments on my Sleeper design. I would because I believe that Sleeper is as safe as any small decked boat. Sleeper's hatch cover, hinged on its forward edge, is very light and does not self latch. The hatch design, which you indicate you don't understand, is a Maurice Griffiths' design, a baffle system that allows air to circulate much in the same way as the dorade vent.

While it is being rowed, a passenger may sit in the hatchway facing aft. The hatch cover may be fully or partially open to shield the passenger from wind and spray. Alternatively, a passenger may sit on the bridge deck with the hatch cover over his knees.

Waterline length limits the speed of any displacement vessel, whether propelled by oars, sail or engine. Sleeper's speed is comparable to that of other displacement vessels of its length. One April I sailed with dozens of 8' El Toros across the Golden Gate from Sausalito to San Francisco during the annual Bullships race. I finished in the middle of the fleet.


While I can't recommend it as a liveaboard, and although the berths are somewhat "hammock shaped," my daughter, friends, and I (not all at the same time) have spent numerous nights in comfort aboard. I feel Sleeper is just about the most boat you can get out of four sheets of quarter inch plywood.


Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA

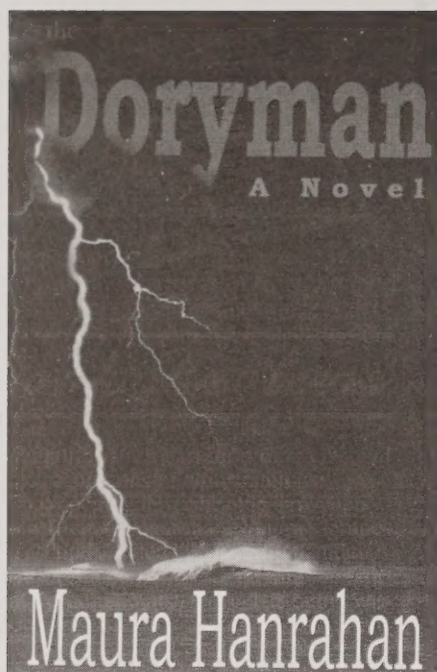
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The Doryman... a Novel

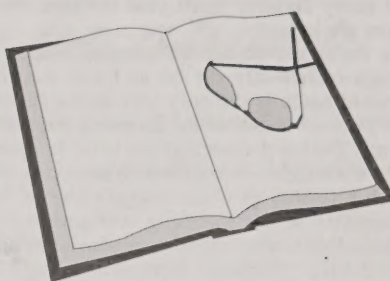
By Maura Hanrahan
Flanker Press, Ltd.
The Newfoundland Publisher
P.O. box 2522 Sta. C
St. John's NL A1C 6K1
(866) 739-4420
\$16.95

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

"Richard rushed into the kitchen with his bucket full of cranberries that had overwintered, and then stopped dead. His mother was standing by the wood stove, her dark face pulled taught. The words she had just spoken still hung in the air. 'He's only nine. He's too young to go fishing.'"

Thus opens this absorbing book about the harsh life of the Newfoundland fishing families from the late 1800s into the early 1900s. It is presented as a novel by author Maura Hanrahan, but it is really a chronicle of her own grandfather's life and that of his family. Presenting this as fiction allows her to envision conversations and reactions to actual happenings that her forbears experienced.

I'm not much of a fan of maritime fiction so I had some predisposition to not care much for this book, but it grabbed me right off and I did the whole 200 pages in two sittings, remarkable for an old guy who falls asleep reading even the most interesting of books in the evening. I attribute this to the author's writing style, it is stark and spare, just as was the life of these isolated fishing families along the south coast of Newfoundland. One of the things that writer Stephen King emphasized in his book on writing was to get rid of the all the descriptive adjectives and adverbs, and Maura seems to have adopted this. Her tale carries you along on



Book Reviews

the strength of stark narration of events and credible recreations of conversations.

That opening describes the day when 9-year-old Richard Hanrahan, Maura's grandfather, abruptly ended his schooling, and thus his hopes for a better life, to go into the fisheries at his father's insistence. His father was a luckless loser in the economics of the fisheries, crewing on dory fishing schooners off Newfoundland on the Grand Banks and never making enough money to get out of debt or to better the living conditions of his family. Richard's mother was part Indian and a classic example of the make-do women who had to survive in this harsh environment.

Maura takes us through Richard's life as a fisherman in which he grew to have some stature amongst his peers, eventually being offered skipper positions by schooner owners. His one attempt to get out of this dangerous harsh livelihood, in 1935 when in his 40s, by starting up a salting operation ashore came to nought as he was still struggling to build it up when he accepted a fateful call to skipper a schooner just one time to assist its youthful skipper on his first trip.

The roles of the women who married these men and bore them many children are presented again in all the starkness of the life, the poverty, the make-do with little, and over all the dread of the bad news that a husband's schooner was lost at sea, or if not the schooner, then the dory from which he was fishing.

Richard went out on that last trip despite his resolve to go fishing no more, and while his schooner's dories were out hauling lines a sudden storm arose. Richard, alone on the schooner, apparently held his position awaiting the return of his dorymen. He didn't come home and no sign of his body or the schooner were found.

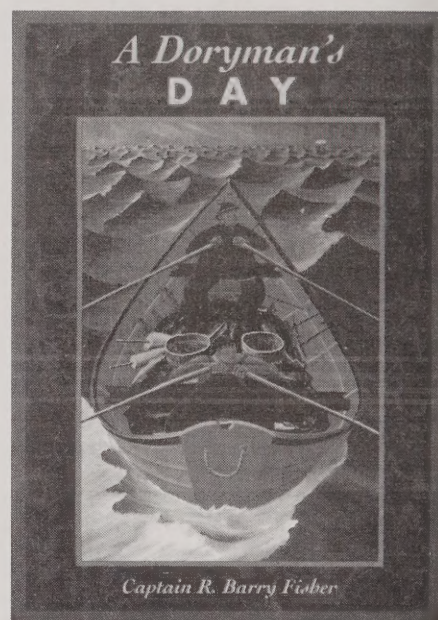
Richard's wife, Angela, had been all that these women had to be, as she carried on raising their family for long periods alone while Richard was at sea, including suffering the deaths of two of their children. Her suffering now with no word on her husband's fate was that endured by nearly all the families in the fisheries sooner or later.

About two months later she had a visit from a priest from another community down the coast a ways who handed her a letter. "The following is the description of a body picked up on the beach at..." it began. It was her Richard, now she was a widow with children still growing up in her home. The letter went on to state that the body had been buried in Port Royal earlier in September. The priest asked if arrangements should be undertaken

to have him removed to be buried at home amongst family and friends.

Angela, who had remained impassive in the face of this overwhelming tragedy which had engulfed her life, replied, "Leave him to where he's to. Leave him to where he's to, he's been through enough!"

Angela lived on another 50 years to 94, moving into St. John's to give her growing children a chance at a better life. Her youngest son, Patrick, is the author's father. And so today, two generations removed from her grandfather's attempt to escape that doomed life, Maura Hanrahan is the successful author of over 400 newspaper and magazine articles, a former newspaper columnist and host of the CBC's Fisheries Broadcast. She made good the escape opportunity that her grandmother set out to provide, yet her ties to that harsh life remain so strong that she has been able to recreate it for us all to better understand.



A Doryman's Day

By Captain R. Barry Fisher
Tilbury House Publishers,
2 Mechanic St. Gardiner, ME 04345
ISBN 0-88448-233-2 - \$15

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

Here is a different look at the life of the doryman in the fisheries along the North Atlantic coast, by Captain R. Barry Fisher, who went on from his youth dory fishing in its final years in the late '40s to a Harvard education, advanced degrees in education and professorships, returning later in life to the Pacific Northwest fisheries in the '80s and '90s to help solve big problems there. He enjoyed a life that Maura Hanrahan's grandfather could never aspire to 50 years earlier.

This book is comprised of three vignettes, the one which entitles the book formed a talk given by Captain Fisher at the Maine Maritime Museum in 1996. It is a look

back from a life lived successfully and well, and hence has a fond viewpoint of the author's youthful dory fishing days from which he quickly escaped. They thus tend to reinforce a somewhat romanticized vision of the life. Most of us tend to look back fondly on our youth, forgetting all the frustrations of that part of our lives.

A Wharf Rat's Tale tells how young Barry hung out around the Gloucester waterfront picking up odd jobs connected with the fisheries just prior to WWII. A Doryman's Day chronicles in detail how life was lived by the now 18-year-old Barry, fishing long lines trawl gear from a Grand Banks dory launched off the deck of a schooner. Mysterious Ways of the Lord chronicles a 1948 season swordfishing rather than dory fishing and

in the of telling us all about a trip in which the skipper "got religion."

This is a very readable book, the author is indeed a good storyteller and has a good memory of all the details of the life he led as a youth. The technical info about how dory fishing was done (as well as swordfishing) provide an education, not surprising coming from a professional educator.

The author is quoted in the book as saying, "I have often thought that I was born a hundred years too late." I wonder when I hear this sort of remark. Extrapolating his end of an era youthful dory fishing experience, from which he escaped to a future good life, back 100 years somehow maybe doesn't get it about what it was really like back then. Even if the Gloucesterman's life 100 years ago

wasn't as harsh as Maura Hanrahan's grandfather's life was in Newfoundland, it was still a harsh and often foreshortened one. There is a cenotaph on the Gloucester waterfront on which are inscribed the names of over 7,500 Gloucestermen who went missing at sea over the century plus in which they went dory fishing from schooners on the Grand Banks.

This business of "re-enactment," even if only in one's imagination, falls way, way short of even beginning to capture what those experiences were really like. Captain Fisher's selected fond memoirs in this book do bring us an insight into how it was being doryman in his youth, in modern times when escape was readily at hand for him once the youthful adventure wore off.

It was 6:26, Thanksgiving morning, I'd walked over to check out the dawn. In all our time here I'd never seen what greeted me. The sky was layered with heavy grey clouds which were shredded in places like a pair of jeans blown out at the knees. Wherever these long thin rips in cloud cover were, the light was filtering through to reflect on the glassy surface of the Sound. Looking at the scene made me think of our recent aurora episodes. The rends in the aerial fabric left a chiaroscuro impressionistic pattern on the water. The tide was running out, having passed a particularly high spring tide of 11.1' on Tuesday. There was enough motion under the apparently still surface that the reflections were blurred to make a wet on wet watercolorist's technique look like the undulations of an ocean born aurora.

Soon the light levels were enough for me to see the harbor seals hauled out at the day beacon. A neighbor across the street, whose home sits at the edge of the seawall, tells me they've been down here for over a month. Normally they stay in Maine until mid-December, to have them start their southern journeys in October may mean a very tough winter is brewing.

I had gotten the yard put to bed for the arrival of weather from the polar regions, and was 90% done with covering the Crawford Dory. This season I've tried a new technique, using 1/2" plastic plumbing pipe for a framework to layer with a tarp. Being familiar with these flexible pipes for garden projects, I set the ends 8"-10" into the ground on either side of the boat, bent them over, and set the opposite end into another hole. Due to the dory's beam I needed to use two 10' pieces and bend them over the thwarts amid-ship. The captain was mildly amused by my basket weaving, and has mumbled dire predictions of the whole apparatus going "sproing" in the middle of the night. As that thought had also occurred to me as I was wrestling the resistant ends into their earthy sockets, I'll add a flexible riband of 1"x3"s along the ground and U-clip the pipe to the wood, possibly adding a few tent pegs to anchor the whole to the ground. The set up sure beats last season's kludge of fence posts and odd lot landscape lumber.

I plan to use two layers of covering, a 4mm clear plastic sheet secured to the frame, then a woven tarp over that for solar protection. I want to monitor the interior, having put the last coat of Cetol on as a Scotch Mist



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Cover Your Boat Part 1

arrived without warning. I am curious as to its long term affect.

The sun had risen to about 12 degrees off the horizon and was bursting through the ragged clouds to the east. Molten copper spilled over Cranes Beach and burned a path along the water to gild the exposed mussel beds just out front. Vulcan's door cracked and the day had begun brilliantly. Counterpoint to the burst of hot light are the cold hollow echos of shots fired somewhere out of sight. My ears focused on the next report and I located the two muddy dogs romping about fatigue-clad figures over on Plum Island's mud flats. I certainly didn't see any ducks or geese within range. I hoped they have someone at home cooking a turkey because they didn't seem too proficient or lucky. Roast sea gull would make even a hungry man hesitate before committing fork and knife, at the moment that was all that was anywhere near the hunters.

Having survived the preparations, consumption, and cleaning up of the holiday meal, I returned to my window on the water to enjoy a breather before dessert. I can see two boats heading out, dressed with the now familiar grass skirts the occupants think fool the waterfowl into coming closer. Having just enjoyed a meal of what my ancestors would have needed to go hunting for, I can sit here

and be doubly grateful that I have no need of hunting down my protein.

The afternoon sun is fading over the hill and the small birds are at the feeders and also frolicking about in the rain water that has collected in the dory's aft seat wells. I need to complete the framework with a few more fore to aft pipes. Once the pipes are secured, I'll layer the clear plastic over the framework, taping the edges securely to the pipes close to the ground and wrapping the excess around the bow to withstand the wind tunnel effect of the winter storms racketing between the houses. I should have another few days of moderate conditions left to get the job done. Someday I'll have a real boathouse to store the various craft in, for now we'll rely on Yankee ingenuity to fit the bill.

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The winning crew from Graphic Arts Communication High School, coxed by Mary Betts.

The weather had been forecast accurately since midweek. A storm from the south would hit New York City on Friday and another from the west on Saturday morning. By Friday afternoon, the out-of-town rowing teams planning to arrive by bus for this 9th annual invitational rowing race had rightly and reasonably withdrawn.

Floating the Apple organizers had decided not to call the race until Saturday morning and assured local crews with subway access that they were welcome to Pier 40's Village Community Boathouse, West Houston Street, for what would most likely turn into a

Floating the Apple's 9th Annual American Star Race

By Mary Nell Hawk

cancelled race, hot drinks, bagels, soup, burgers, and a snowy day of sociability inside the boathouse. As indicated in Floating the Apple information and invitations, organizers retained the right to make last minute

adjustments to the course or cancel the race, due to wind and weather, on race day.

The original schedule called for boats to go in the water at 0800, practice rounds at 0900, eliminations would begin at 1000, and the final race at about 1300. As adult rowers/volunteers interested in youth activities at Pier 40, my friend Philip Yee and I planned to be at the pier by 0900, and at 0800 we got a phone call, 17 teams scheduled, six teams showed up. The kids were there, the race was ON!!

We arrived in the snow to find that the Hudson River Park Trust had cleared walkways by tractor, one 25' Whitehall gig was in the water, and timed laps around two buoys in the sizable cove were underway, sheltered on the north by the massive Pier 40. The newly configured race course was about 400 yards total. Starting and ending point was near the boathouse door and ladder, and therefore turns were required twice, once at each of the course. A chase boat was nearby at all times.

The gig chosen for the race was the newly freshened up *Taxi*, one of the earliest boats built by Floating the Apple, at their first boathouse near Times Square. The standby was East River C.R.E.W.'s Whitehall gig, *Saint David*.

Racing in the snow, of course, is nothing new to kindred organizations such as the Hull Lifesaving Museum on Boston Harbor, whose annual winter races, the "Icebreaker" and the "Snow Row," have become open water rowing classics. Also, of course, the working row boats of 19th century New York did their job winter and summer. Nonetheless, for the New Yorkers on hand, a race in the snow was a chilling, yet exciting, possibility. Coincidentally, or perhaps providentially, race time that morning fell just between the departure of the first storm and the arrival of the second.

Whitehall gig youth rowing events at Pier 40 are always eventful and fun due to support from our hosts at Pier, Park, and Playground, the Hudson River Park Trust, and Floating the Apple's community of adult rowers. When it opened in the 1950s, Pier 40 was a state of the art Holland American passenger and cargo facility, New York's largest marine terminal in its day. Now it is challenged to reinvent itself as a historic maritime resource, part of New York's park system, offering recreational and educational activities to all. As well as generating income, Pier 40, the largest single space in Hudson River Park, must remain a symbol of, and gateway to, the region's most extensive open space, its rivers and harbor.



Setting the thole pins.

Setting up oars.



Youth from three organizations competed on December 6th. Two crews hailed from Graphic Arts High School and were coached by Johann Ovalle, an alumnus who had participated in Floating the Apple rowing/boat building while in high school and who is currently on staff with both the New York Harbor High School and Rocking the Boat.

New York Harbor High School, newly formed this year, arrived with 15 freshmen, their principal Nathan Dudley, founder Murray Fisher, and three teachers. One NYHHS teacher, Brendan Malone, a graduate of the Sound School in New Haven, Connecticut, and leader of the 1999 building of FTA's Whitehall gig *Rachel Carson*, coached the three NYHHS crews. Adam Green, founder and president of Rocking the Boat, a youth boatbuilding and enrichment program in the Bronx, brought an enthusiastic crew from RTB that participated as well.

Upon our arrival at Pier 40 that Saturday morning, Mary Betts, a high school senior and daughter of Floating the Apple boatbuilder extraordinaire, Don Betts, was on deck watching the heats prior to her coxing a crew from Graphic Arts High School. Seeing me photograph action at davit and ladder, she mentioned that perhaps her dad would invite me on the chase boat to assist and take pictures. I asked and Don agreed, so some of the photos you see here were taken from that perfect vantage point on the water.

When the racing was done by around noon, Mary's crew from Graphic Arts had taken first place and one of the three crews from the New York Harbor High School was runner-up. Race commissioner John Tichenor offered congratulatory words, a few more photos were taken, lunch was finished, and racers, teachers, and adult volunteers headed home with a super feeling of accomplishment that comes from doing the seemingly impossible, racing rowboats on a snowy day in New York City.

Haulout at days' end.



Pulling together, New York Harbor School Crew.



Rowers in action.

Thanks to FTA staff and adult volunteers.





Taken some years ago, this photo shows the layout at Kingston's Jones River Landing. The three taller structures at left and in the background are houses not connected with the boatyard. The house in the center background is the 1674 Major John Bradford house, also a historic site. Improvements now underway at this riverside location will make it into a major center for rowing and recreational boat building. The enterprising people leading this worthy project deserve great credit and full support for their efforts.

A Kingston Boatyard Revival

The Jones River in Kingston, Massachusetts, is not as large or well known as are other New England streams, but it has played a significant role in this area's marine history. The earliest 17th century settlers built simple utility boats. Ships used during and after the Revolutionary War were crafted on the shores of this river. It, by the way, was named after Christopher Jones, captain of the Pilgrims' ship *Mayflower*. The Kingston Public Library has an extensive collection of good literature on Kingston's long boatbuilding history.

In its lower stretch the river experiences a tidal rise and fall averaging 9'. This effect does not exist above the dam at the town waterworks on Elm St. Its flow over the years fed water to several mills of different kinds along its length. It wends its way through rural areas about six miles inland to the large Silver Lake.

In 1870 young George Shiverick, from a famous Cape Cod shipbuilding family, had established a good reputation for building fine catboats at the Sesuit River in East Dennis. Boating enthusiasts urged him to come to Kingston and build catboats and other craft for pleasure use on the bay that extends from Duxbury south to Plymouth. By that time, in between turning out everything from rowboats to ocean going ships, Kingston yards turned out commercial and fishing craft of various types.

In 1895 Shiverick built a shop in which to ply his trade. It's still standing and, as you will soon see, is soon to be the scene of interesting activities. After Shiverick's passing, from 1940 up to a few decades ago, fine wooden sporting boats were built there by Linde and Mackenzie. After World War II,



Jones River Landing

By Bob Whittier

however, the public's interest turned to boats of fiberglass. For the last two decades the LaPlante family ran a pleasure boat and motor sales and service business on the site.

Unfortunately this boatyard was located on a long but narrow piece of land that does not afford the extensive storage space that seems to be standard for today's marine dealerships. Also, at low tide the water in this yard's area is so shallow as to discourage the coming and going at will of larger powerboats. And it's a bit narrow and winding for serious sailing.

In July of 2003 ownership of this yard was transferred to a group of Kingston residents having strong interests in ecology and local history. This Jones River Watershed Association has for some years been much concerned about neglect of this historical river, including such matters as pollution from rainwater runoff and fertilizers. Also, the fish population was in decline due to missing or deteriorated fish ladders. They saw this riv-

erside property, now called the Jones River Landing, as an ideal base for their activities. Under the associated Jones River Marine Ecology Center an interesting and worthwhile range of activities is planned.

Because of crowding at nearby Duxbury's Snug Harbor waterfront, the Team Saguish Rowing Club has already moved its pilot gigs to Jones River. There's little powerboat traffic in that stretch of the river upstream of the town landing at the end of River St., and also there's a 3mph speed limit for such powerboats as do wish to venture up to Jones River Landing. Those seeking to enjoy rowboats, canoes, and kayaks thus have the river pretty much to themselves.

Four interconnected buildings form the establishment. They are old (meaning full of atmosphere and character) and in need of upgrading. Much of the needed work is being done by volunteers and one senses a growing spirit of camaraderie among them. This place is noticeably on the informal, come as you are side.

Plans include establishing this spring a store that will sell a mixture of things ranging from local historical material to bait and tackle. Billington Sea Kayaks of Plymouth will have their offerings on sale. Reuben Smith, proprietor of Tumblehome Boatshop, will soon set up shop in the historic Shiverick building to build and repair wooden craft. He will also offer classes in wooden boat building.

As time and finances permit, another building will be remodeled to serve as a conference hall and yet another to serve as an ecology center.

You can catch a fleeting glimpse of Jones River Landing as you pass over the river bridge on the southbound lane of Rt. 3. Passengers on the Plymouth to Boston commuter trains get a little better view as the train crosses the bridge a bit upstream. To get there

by car, take Exit 10 off of Rt. 3, go west a bit to the shopping center, then turn left and head south. Shortly before reaching the small business center near the railroad tracks take Maple St. on the left. It will lead straight to the Landing. At present it's operating on an erratic schedule. Before going there check with Pine DuBois, President or Ron Maribett, Director of Development, at (781) 585-2000. If no answer, try again later. When you go, wear dungarees and bring your carpenter's tools with you. If you like this magazine, you'll love Jones River Landing!

The Shiverick Boatyard

(Delivered with extemporaneous asides, and gestures at the Jones River Village Historical Society, May 11, 1985, by Ethel Penney Shiverick)

George Willis Shiverick was born in 1870 and he died in 1943. He grew up in East Dennis on Cape Cod, a grandson of one of the renowned Shiverick clipper ship builders. Perhaps that is where he received his inspiration, but that is not where he learned his trade. The clipper ship era had passed by this time. George became an apprentice to the Hanley boatbuilders of Monument Beach, living for awhile in a truly Dickensian manner, sleeping in a bleak attic room, sweltering in summer, freezing in winter. He used to tell of having to chew the leather of his shoes some winter mornings to soften them so that he could put them on!

Once on his own, with a boat shop on the Sesuit river in East Dennis near the site of the Shiverick clipper ship yard, George began to make his own reputation building and racing catboats. In 1895 George, now 25 years old, came to Kingston at the urging of some of the town's boating and racing enthusiasts. He leased from the Holmes family, for the grand sum of \$10 a year, a small piece of land on the Jones River near where the Stoney Brook flows. Here, over a period of 45 years, he built some of the finest sailboats and power launches of all time.

In 1898 George married a girl from Chiltonville, lived for a time in an apartment on Landing Road, and then built a home on Stoney Brook Hill. There is no accurate record of the number of boats he built in Kingston. Most of his papers were discarded by him shortly after his retirement. A few photographs, designs, sail plans, and some working half models have been given to the Mystic Seaport Museum in Connecticut. Also at this museum are two or three of Mr. Shiverick's boats. Among them is a sailboat owned by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, which the former President used for several years off Campobello in Maine.

I became acquainted with George Shiverick when I was about 12 years old. On his way walking to and from his shop he would stop occasionally to visit with my father, who had a small craft shop where he built pine furniture. Often we would visit the boat shop, always a fascinating place to me and my brother, Fred. I'm sure it was due to Mr. Shiverick's influence that my brother was to build two boats. A 17' speedboat was quite unpopular on the Jones River, there was no

3mph speed limit in those days! Later my brother built a 23' auxiliary sloop completed after Mr. Shiverick had retired, just prior to World War II. Mr. Shiverick supervised, unofficially, of course, the construction of this boat. I remember well his being quite annoyed with Fred over some of his methods. My brother was quick to correct those, and when the *Hurricane* was launched at Long Point Marine in Duxbury Mr. Shiverick sat at the wheel.

The boatyard was sold in 1940 to Myron Linde of Duxbury and then to MacKenzie. They, in turn, built and launched fine boats there. Later Franklin Zwicker used the place, mostly for boat storage. The original building still stands with later additions. It is now owned by Neale and Marge LaPlante and known as Landing Marine.

I have mentioned just a few facts for the edification of those who never had the opportunity to know Mr. Shiverick and his craft, those who have never had the chance to run their fingers over the smooth, satiny finish of the native white cedar planking, to admire the handsome brightwork of mahogany and of metal, the graceful curve of the bow, the meticulous workmanship and craftsmanship.

Mr. Shiverick had many tales of sailing experiences. I'd like to share one with you. He said this was a true account that happened out on Kingston Bay. About the turn of the century, a local church group chartered a sailing craft for an afternoon pleasure trip. While they were out on the bay a sudden summer squall came up. I understand one definition of a squall is "when the wind blows like hell!" The Captain had to lower sail quickly to avoid capsizing. The minister of this flock of landlubbers had chosen to sit near the bow of the boat.

The Captain hurried forward and in passing shouted to the minister, "Go aft." The Reverend looked inquiringly at the Captain but didn't move. The situation was rapidly worsening and the Captain, in his anxiety, shouted even louder, "God dammit, go aft!" The minister then moved rapidly to the stern of the boat. When the emergency was past and all was silent once more, the Captain approached the minister and apologized for his inappropriate profanity. The Reverend, in turn, apologized for his delay in responding to orders, admitting that he didn't know what "aft" meant but knew he should get as far away as the boat would allow from this irate man.

Mr. Shiverick made a definite contribution to Kingston and in boating circles his name and reputation are still remembered with honor. He was a fine gentleman and honest and true craftsman and a credit to the town of Kingston.

I have been married for 42 years to Mr. Shiverick's only son, Roger.

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

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Looping To Flamingo

Since this trip was left somewhat unfinished, I had to come back another year and finish Cape Sable. I also wanted to see what damage Hurricane Andrew had done in the Everglades (in August 1992) since I had seen it just months before the storm. But car shuttles were out, they were too complicated and expensive. So I planned to paddle down to Flamingo and back again in 10 or 11 days. As a matter of fact, I did it twice in the next couple of years (1995 and 1999).

In both cases I paddled down to Flamingo in four days, stopping at Mormon Key, Highland Beach, and Joe River on the way to Flamingo, then around Cape Sable and criss-cross back to Everglades City. My 1999 trip was my favorite, even though the first four days were quite strenuous. I was eating up the miles and challenged myself to do most of it by memory and not by chart. I loved it and was in a good mood crossing Oyster Bay

Ten Years In The Everglades Part 2

By Reinhard Zollitsch

towards Joe River when suddenly a thunderstorm appeared on the western sky. I had almost made it to Joe River but prudently stopped at a mangrove point opposite Mud Bay to put on my rain gear and let the lightning pass by.

I was barely dressed and set in my boat, holding onto a tree root with my left hand and an overhanging branch with my right to keep my boat from being pushed into the mangroves, when a sudden wind gust of 50-60mph hit me. I held on for dear life like a green apple which was not quite ready to be

ripped off the tree. Waves formed instantly and the wind was blowing the tops off horizontally.

Fortunately I had my stern and back to the wind and the waves were deflected somewhat by the point I was hanging onto. But I had to hold on with all my strength, while at the same time keeping the boat from veering to either side, especially keeping it from hanging up under the mangrove trees on my left side and filling up or flipping. It was a bad situation and in my mind I was preparing for plan B (get out, tie up the boat if you can, and to heck with the gear) and plan C (get out and let go of the whole enchilada and hope to be picked up by somebody later and try to retrieve my gear).

Soon my boat was filling with water, from above and from waves jumping aboard. I had to bail to stay afloat. Fortunately my bailer was tied on beside my seat so I could reach it easily and simply let go of it when my boat was getting out of control.

I must have hung there with my upper arm muscles screaming with pain for 45 plus minutes, but I could not let go completely and go on until about an hour or even more had passed. I was truly humbled by the forces of nature and felt fortunate to have something to hang onto. When I phoned home the next day from Flamingo, I learned that my dear wife was truly worried about me. Back home in Maine, Nancy had watched the national weather report on the TV Weather Channel that morning and heard the meteorologist (pointing to the Florida Everglades area) say, "If you know anyone down there who is out on the water, tell them to get out of there fast. This storm means business."

But after this stormy interlude the trip picked up nicely. I especially enjoyed going out around Sable Island and then all the way up Shark River into Tarpon Bay and on up tiny Avocado Creek to Cane Patch. This ground site is way up the Shark River Slough, the watery grassland, so beautifully and eloquently described by Marjorie Stoneham Douglas in her book *The Everglades: The River of Grass* (see appendix). Camp Lonesome was another of the most remote upriver overnight campsites like Willy Willy.

Nancy in the Everglades

In 1996 my wife wanted to join me in the Glades and I was delighted. Nancy and I had done lots of other canoe camping trips together, alone and with the kids. So I had a lovely seven day round trip planned for the two of us with all my favorite haunts, Sunday Bay, Sweetwater, Plate Creek, South Lostman, New Turkey Key, Rabbit Key, and we felt very lucky to get all our first choices (you have to make reservations in person, not more than 24 hours ahead).

The trip started out super, some wind but not too much, warm but not too hot. Sunday Bay had spectacular sunrises and sunsets, Sweetwater treated us to a vigorous rumbling chorus of bull gators, and Alligator and Plate Creek were filled with more gators than I had seen in all the previous years together. The big guardian of the creek blocked the exit to Alligator Bay and seemed very reluctant to move out of the way for us. But since the current was drifting us inexorably towards him, it boiled down to a "heads or tail" call. Nancy chose "tails" and the gator dropped under our boat at the very last minute. We



The path of Hurricane Andrew.

Sunrise on Sunday Bay Chickee.



held our breath, and I was ready for a low brace (as if that would have helped)! Equally exciting were two dolphins charging through there at full speed, throwing a tremendous wake and bounding us into the mangroves. But the best wildlife was still to come.

When we arrived at Plate Creek Chickee, a 10'x12' wooden platform with a roof over it, a 6' diamond backed rattlesnake had already taken up residence on the tiny mound attached to this chickee and was reluctant to leave. While we had our PB&J sandwiches in one corner, it finally decided it had had enough company and needed more space, slunk into the water, and swam across the little bay to the opposite shore, which was all right by us. But all night we heard little footsteps on the roof, our tent, and on the wooden platform. A very active scene which we could only hear but not see (mostly cotton rats, I suppose).

Then the winds came up from the north-east and the trip took on a completely different character. We howled down Onion Key Bay and South Lostman's River and decided not to go to Highland Beach, but rather hole up on the little island right at the mouth of the river. But then it got even worse, the temperature dropped overnight from the 80s down into the 30s!! And Nancy had trouble keeping warm, despite polypropylene long underwear, polar fleece sweater, Goretex suit, wool socks and hat, gloves, aluminum survival blanket, and rain tarp. She was definitely hypothermic.

The wind was fierce and blew the water, so it seemed, all the way to Mexico. We were way offshore, me mostly pulling the boat across the shallows with Nancy bundled up in the bow. At Hog Key we had to stop so I could hug some warmth back into her. Then we slugged on again as before to New Turkey. I used my marine radio, calling for help from any motor boat. But there was nobody else out there and the National Park Service does not monitor any frequency, only the Coast Guard in Fort Myers (channel #16) and we were definitely out of reach.

The cold, wind, and rain continued. Nancy recovered somewhat in the tent, in the sleeping bag with me beside her and with food and hot drinks, but next morning we had to move on again, 11 miles to Rabbit Key. I soloed again with Nana bundled in the bow being tossed back and forth in the waves, ending up black and blue all over her body. She had a hard time convincing the doctor back home how she got to be so bruised all over. That night our igloo tent almost totally collapsed, but it popped up again and did not tear.

The third day we experienced more of the same. Wind, cold, and rain to boot, but I pushed as hard as I could back to Everglades City where we knocked at the first trailer door we came to, were warmly received, and eventually driven to a motel in town to warm up. It was either that or a hospital, and since there was none, we opted for the Captain's Place.

Father and Daughter Sojourn in the Glades

Nancy made it fine through this ordeal, but needless to say is very cautious about going on another "spring" wilderness canoe trip. But recently my oldest daughter Brenda (in her early 30s) thought the Everglades would be fun, at least to try it once, and this



Nancy in the Everglades at Sweetwater chickee.



Crocodile (!) at Flamingo put in with daughter Brenda.

Author in canoe eating orange.



year's spring break was already our third trip together in the Glades. I especially like to see her relax from her stressful administrative job and enjoy what nature has to offer, from the significant, like alligators and a 7' crocodile at our put-in in Flamingo, and a pod of 17 manatees stampeding under our boat near Hog Key, down to the smallest buggy creatures and plants.

She catches scenes and moods and action on film, but also describes and draws them in her trip log. We both enjoy the chalky green expanse of the Gulf waters, the myriad of different birds and plant life, but

especially the shiny, translucent green of the mangrove leaves in the early sunlight, a very soothing, calming sensory experience. Next moment we are on the lookout for rare sightings, like the elusive anhinga, a roseate spoonbill, or a purple gallinule, or simply enjoying making our boat go.

Brenda is a fearless paddler, being a Maine whitewater raft guide on weekends, and does not mind bounding around in the often strong trade winds and choppy seas. She also is a quick learner in the navigation department and has her own charts and compass mounted on the bow deck in front of her. Most days she is the navigator. Since she can only take a week off from work, we do loops, or last year the whole enchilada from Flamingo back to Everglades City. After the father/daughter trip, I normally go for another loop by myself.

The Rite Of Spring

Over the years my Evergladian adventure has changed in character, from following the 100-mile long official wilderness waterway from Everglades City to Flamingo to doing various sized loops to avoid costly car shuttles. I learned to combine the best of two worlds, camping in the mangrove forests with island hopping along the Gulf Coast. Each year I adventured more off the beaten path, searching for new routes to more remote sites, and tried to do as many stretches as possible from memory, like the "oldtimers" used to do (rather than with a NOAA chart in front of me). Traversing the Shark River Delta on ever new routes remains one of my favorite, most delightful navigational challenges.

While I continue to relish my usual solo solitude, I also greatly enjoy sharing the experience with family members and delight in watching them grow into the landscape, replacing their initial skepticism with relaxed joy. But please don't ask me to go with or lead a group bigger than two. It would spoil the tranquil mood of the Glades. For me, losing myself in the Everglades and recharging my innermost self has become a veritable rite of spring, which I look forward to all those cold and snowy, people filled winter months in Maine.

After ten years in the Glades, or rather a bit over 100 days during spring, I feel very much in tune with that part of Florida, at least during that season. And I cannot tell you how different it is from the rest of Florida, or from what most of my students are doing as fun in the sun.

Information

Charts: NOAA #11430, #11432, #11433

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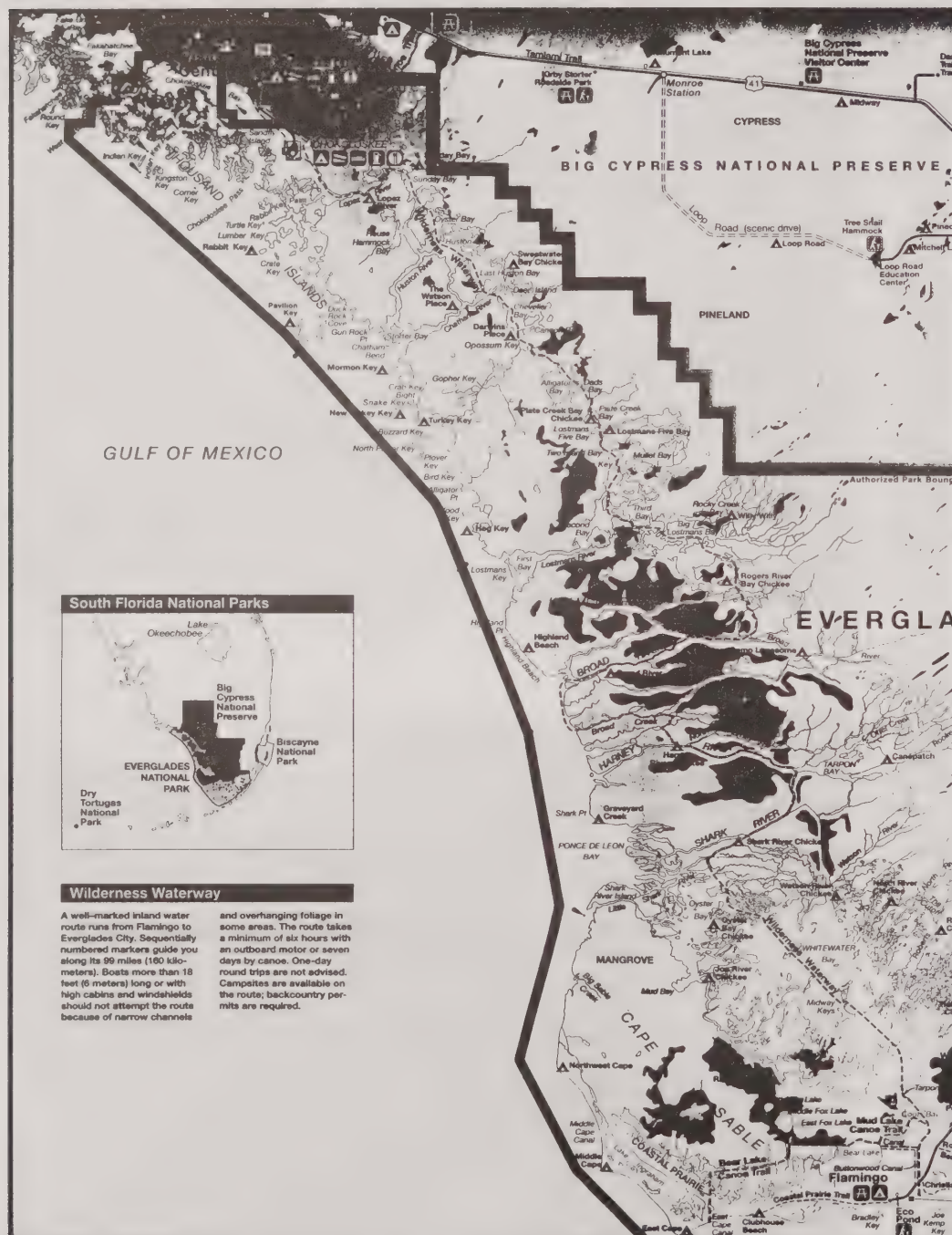
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Totch Brown: *Totch. A Life in the Everglades*, University Press of Florida, 1993

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The canoe was pitching violently as it made its way through the Stony Toothed Rapids. The canoe, a Mad River Explorer, was made for just this sort of river. I was paddling bow for Jim. I just hoped that I could handle the rapids as well as the boat was doing.

We were in a boulder field that continued around the bend about a quarter mile away. There were pillows 3' high ahead and inside of each pillow was a piece of Canadian shield. The water was slashing all around us and some was reaching as high as my face.

I shouted over the roar, "How much more can we take before she swamps?"

Jim was real cool in this kind of stuff. His reply was, "Just around the bend is one of the worst spots on the whole river. Folks call it the Dragon Slayer."

"Can we handle it?" I asked. I was beginning to doubt my ability.

"No problem if you keep your cool," he answered. "There is a 3' drop, hit it right and you slide right on through, hit it sideways and...we don't want to hit it sideways."

We came around the bend and there it was. It looked awesome. The whole river poured between a row of rocks. Sharp rocks, they looked like teeth. "Dragon Slayer," I said, "looks more like the dragon's mouth!"

"Do you see the chute just to the right of center?" asked Jim. "Watch out though, there is a real strong set to the left. You aim high and I'll keep my end behind you."

I try to follow orders. I am paying this guy quite a bit for his expertise. Jim is more than just a guide, he is the owner of Great North Adventures. I was really glad to have his experience in the other end of the boat with me.

We were getting set to the left quite strongly now and we were closing very fast on the rocks. "Draw," was all Jim had to say. I was already doing just that. Jim was back paddling on the port side and I was reaching out over the starboard bow trying to get back on a line that would carry us through the chute into the safe water below.

Jim was slowing the boat and bringing the stern to the right. We were doing a classic ferry. It was a struggle but we were moving to the right. Just when I thought I was going to collapse, the bow cleared a Volkswagen-sized rock and Jim hollered, "Okay, go!"

I gave a half-hearted forward stoke, that's all I had left in me, and the boat slid into the V and pitched down as it went over the ledge. A moment later we were safely below Stony Toothed Rapids. We had taken on some water but nothing that a nearly empty canoe couldn't handle. I started to bail in the bow as Jim reached for his waterproof bag and got out a radio.

"Bill, Jim, what's your ETA?" he asked into the radio. The radio came to life and Bill's voice came through clearly. "I just left Tom's Lodge, it will take me about 20 minutes. That okay?"

"That will be perfect, we have to get some water out of this Explorer and paddle out to the point. Do you have #3 with you?"

"Got #3 and your lunch if you're ready," came back on the radio.

"Wop wop" sound off to the southwest. Very soon I could see a helicopter coming across the lake headed our way.

When we landed Jim tied the bow painter to a large driftwood log. "We don't

The Perfect Canoe Trip (Purely Fiction*)

By Mississippi Bob

want this thing to blow away," he said to me. As the chopper got closer I recognized it as an H34. This was a machine built by Sikorsky just after the Korean War. "She might be old but we had a turbine installed when I bought her. She can lift a lot more load than they did back when the army bought her in the '50s," said Jim.

The chopper came in over the point low and came to a hover, then settled in on the end of the point. As the blades wound down the pilot opened his hatch and climbed down to meet us. "This is our pilot, Bill," said Jim. "Who do you have with you, Tom or Sally?" Jim asked.

I flew out with Sally today," said Bill. "She does lunch much better than Tom and she's always happy to get some stick time."

We all got introduced and Jim said, "Let's get #3 out while Sally gets lunch ready." We all walked over to the chopper. Bill opened up the side door and climbed in, Jim followed him. The two picked up a canoe and carried it toward the opening. I watched as the two slid a Sawyer Cruiser out. This canoe was bright red and made of Kevlar. It looked brand new but I knew that the last ones built were 20 some years back. "Wow," I said, "I'd like to take that one home with me."

"No way," Jim replied, "I went too far to find that one, some old guy down near North Bay bought it just before he died. I bought it from his widow. I felt guilty taking it for the price she asked."

"So that's #3," I said. "Do I get a idea that the trip is about to change?"

"The next 40 kilometers is basically all lake," Jim answered. "We will pass some really neat palisades between here and our evening camping spot. We want a good lake boat to cover that distance."

By the time we were done admiring the Cruiser I noticed that Sally, the co-pilot, had a folding table set up along with some chairs.

She was setting out china and silver. This is not roughing it, we had a four star lunch that day. As we ate Jim asked, "Would you care to do some fishing this evening? There is a hole where you can always find a few pike near the our campsite," he added.

"That sounds like a plan," I answered.

Jim looked over at Bill and said, "When you come out this evening bring a couple of #5s. Make sure we have some good tackle."

"Okay," I rose to this bait, "what is a #5?"

"Oh you will love the #5, it's a Bell Wild Fire. It's a solo boat made in Minnesota. Once you get used to the solo you're not going to want to share a canoe again. The folks at Bell build some really great boats," Jim said.

"What's with all the numbers?" I asked Jim.

"A few years back I went to Arizona one winter and one of my neighbors there got me introduced to golf. I found out that you can't play 18 holes with the same club. I got to thinking about that and came to realize that you shouldn't try to do a canoe trip with just one canoe," he explained.

I asked, "So what are #1 and #2?"

"I really hate to admit this but there are still people out there who think that the Grumman is the best canoe ever built," he answered. "That's #1, and #2 is a wood canvas Chestnut Prospector. We get a few purists who think it has to be traditional, that's what they want to paddle. The Grumman I just leave at the fly-in camps until I get some dude who really wants to use one. They do work out well at the camps"

Jim looked over to Bill and said, "Take #4 back to the base but keep it handy. We will want it again on the last day's run."

We were ready to head down the lake on our afternoon adventure and Bill was getting the Sikorsky ready to leave when Jim hollered over to him, "We should be at the point at McCabe Narrows for the evening. You can plan on setting things up there. Please don't forget the #5s. We will probably use them again in the morning checking out the pictographs on the lower lake."

Bill had the chopper going and Sally came running back to the shore just before we shoved off. She asked, "What would you guys like for supper?" I knew that this was going to be one great canoe trip.

(*The people and places are purely fiction only the boats are real)

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Many years ago when I was determined to be a sailboat bum (I was a success at that), my wife and I were living aboard our pilot cutter in a little sailboat marina close to a yard where I worked as a rigger, mechanic, electrician, or whatever. Work at the yard was pleasant as yards go, the little marina was a joy and we sailed and sailed. Then one bad day it all ended "in one swell foop" when I became involved in a hard to believe fiasco caused by booze and knot headed stupidity.

Apparently taking temporary leave of his senses, a big shot local yacht clubber with ample funds but little nautical sense or experience had just purchased a 50' twin diesel powered sport/fishing/party yacht. She was none too good when new and old age, abuse, neglect, and too many parties hadn't helped her any. But he would have her restored to her former glory, such as it was. Her name was *Falcon's Nest*.

Yacht Clubber contracted with the yard for haulout and restoration and would have *Falcon's Nest* in the travel lift the next day. The yard was a mile upriver from the ocean with a nasty rock and wreck strewn bar and confusing approach markers, but a range and deep water if you're in the channel. Yacht Clubber, paying no attention to the range and lacking in local knowledge as well as caution, came roaring in outside the channel and over the rocks and wrecks, doing in everything that stuck down, but with persistence and great commotion did manage to thrash *Falcon's Nest* into the travel lift.

Out she came and onto her blocks in the yard. You need a lot of help, old girl! Many contractors were hired for her restoration, including me for the machinery and repairing the stuff Yacht Clubber tore up on his way in. Work commenced and continued on for year or more at a cost of more than I considered her to be worth, but old *Falcon's Nest*, gleaming in her new Awl Grip, was in better condition than when new and was finally ready for her launching.

The staggering yard bill was paid after lengthy shouting discussions (I had no part in that) and launching was scheduled for the next day at high tide about 2 PM. Bright and early, yachty looking people began arriving, including Yacht Clubber himself, until there were 30 or more bearing food, champagne for the christening, and libations of every sort for the party which was already well underway by 11 AM. As happens in yards, this went wrong and that went wrong and high tide came and went while the party continued full speed ahead. *Falcon's Nest* waited in anticipation on her blocks.

The Christening Party

By Curt Nichols

Five o'clock, quitting time for me, and I walked the 300' home to our little pilot cutter for a libation of my own with my wife. TGIF! At 5:30 I hear the big travel lift start and see it move towards *Falcon's Nest* with Big Jimmy, the usual operator, beer in hand, at the controls. Rats! Jimmy was partied out two hours ago, looks like he and the happy Yacht Clubber are going to launch old *Nest* onto a falling tide with the springs running. I'd better get over there! Hmmm, most of the partiers are still on their feet. "Hey, Jimmy, you ain't going to put *Nest* in are you?"

"Yup, Clubber is really pissed and wants her in today as scheduled so in she goes!"

"Don't do it Jimmy, the springs are running and there won't be enough water. Her props will be on the rocks!"

"No problem, I'll have her in the water and out of here in 30 minutes," and over to the lift he went. Clubber and some of the yachty bunch are still aloof and fairly sober and smiling and old *Falcon's Nest* was christened with great aplomb. She began a slow descent to the water, then suddenly her stern started falling fast. Jimmy hit full throttle and the up lever, shearing a drive gear key and down she came. *Nest* was very heavy and the lift brakes were worn out.

Pandemonium! Clubber and the partiers are screaming bloody murder. *Nest's* bow is still up and she is tilted about 35 degrees and listing badly to port with her props on the rocks. A tragic sight she was hanging there all Bristol. Her transom was not quite under but water was coming aboard through the scuppers and bilge vents. "Jimmy, let her bow down fast and now!"

"Hell no, I'm going to get the stern back up!"

"Forget the stern, Jimmy, the lift is broke down, you want her in the water don't you? Just let the bow down. She hasn't taken on much water yet, the pumps are on and will bail her out."

"Damn, she won't come up, go get Fred (he's the yard owner indulging and consorting with the yachties)."

"Fred, Big problem with *Nest* and the lift, tell Big Jimmy to let her bow down right now!"

"What the hell is going on here, Jimmy? Get the back up!" (Jimmy is still roaring the engine and spinning the shaft inside the drive gear).

"Fred, the lift is broke down and the stern ain't going to come up. Let the goddam bow down and the pumps will bail her out."

"Hell, no. We have to get a barge crane. Don't let that bow down, Jimmy, or that new carpet up there might get wet. I'll get a crane."

"Fred, the nearest big crane is 60 miles away, that's 10 or 12 hours running time for that big machine. Drop the bow or you will scuttle old *Nest* right there in the lift."

"Hell no, this is my yard. We'll plug up all the leaks and wait for the crane that I'll call right now."

"Listen Fred! High tide at 3 AM will be 4' over her cockpit and the crane can't get here until 4 AM or 5 AM, if at all, it's late, it's dark, and it's Friday, you know."

"Bullshit," said Fred and stomped off to call his crane while Yacht Clubber and nearly

everyone else is screaming to let her bow down. In disgust I stomped off as well. Goddam boozed up idiots. The tide will have her as sure as hell.

Eleven o'clock and I'm back, the party pooped, Fred, Clubber, and all the partiers are gone. Jimmy's in a panic and three or four yard apes are in the water, cockpit, and cabin with little pumps, 4'x8' plywood, lumber, Visqueen, 3M5200, and so on, trying to stem the tide which was just over her port quarter. Her bow was still up and the new carpet up there was dry. "Four more feet, guys, you're going to lose her to the tide if you don't let her bow down, she would still float." Holy mackerel, they're real grouchy!

One-thirty in the morning and abandoned with her cockpit well under, *Nest* had let her own bow down. I don't know how, but she was too late to save herself. High tide at 3 AM had her on the rocks and awash well over her bow deck. Sorry, old girl, I tried to help you. *Nest* floundered in the lift for two days until two huge pumps were rounded up to pump her out and float her on a rising tide. Fred's crane never left home, it was Friday.

The lift was repaired quickly and *Falcon's Nest*, trembling in fear, was put back on her blocks in the yard. Poor old *Nest* was a calamity. Crabs and other creatures had already taken up residence. Diesel fuel and engine oil were everywhere and the big 8x71 Detroit and new 24kw Onan were full of salt water. Seven big new 8D batteries had fried the entire electrical system and, yes, the precious new carpet was indeed wet. 3M 5200 was everywhere inside and out (it does that, you know, as soon as it gets out of its tube). Jimmy and the yard apes must have used a case of the stuff in their futile battle with the tide. The stuff was even on some other boats in the yard.

All this madness because the new carpet might get wet? Had *Nest's* bow been lowered immediately, less than 50 gallons would have gotten into her bilge, just enough to turn on one or two of the big new automatic pumps. But a good time was had by all at the "christening party."

Now it was time for the shit to hit the fan, and hit it did. Clubber stopped payment on his big check, hired an attorney, filed suit, and got an injunction preventing the yard from even looking at poor old *Nest*. A survey was done, estimating damages at more than *Falcon's Nest* was worth. A big shot investigator from the yard's insurance company was there, found out what had gone on, and told Fred they would not pay a cent due to the affair being caused by equipment neglect, liquor, and stupidity. The yard hired an attorney and sued everybody (but not me), filed bankruptcy, and the yard was put up for sale. *Falcon's Nest* wept in sorrow, back on her blocks in the yard.

The yard sold quickly and we turned our backs on poor old *Nest* and sailed away, returning two years later to find her gone from her blocks and the yard. She had left by truck.

In retrospect, yes, I could have just yanked that bow end brake release lever but I was afraid to get more involved. I was not an employee and Big Jimmy, a liquored up, pissed off hothead, would surely have beaten the tar out of poor little me had I done anything more than offer my advice. Many of us there, including Clubber, did that to no avail. The booze! The carpet!



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International Scene

The international warfare triggered by the *Erika* and *Prestige* sinkings continues. The European Commission issued a memo, *Safer Seas: The Fight Goes On: Update on the Prestige Accident*, which omitted any mention of Spain's culpability. It also tried to equate the U.S.'s unilateral action in passing OPA 90 regarding American tank vessels with Europe's ban on single-hulled tankers and other actions.

Spain's Constitutional Court refused to relax bail conditions for the *Prestige's* master. The environmental group WWF slammed Spanish authorities over their handling of the clean-up operations. Spain met strong resistance from several delegations when it tried to get an advance payment from the International Oil Pollution Compensation Fund but the payment was finally granted.

The next step higher is Europe's ban on single-hulled tankers. Here, the International Maritime Organization (IMO) expressed serious concern about the ban, especially because Europe chose not to come to the IMO when the IMO had already adopted a "fast track" approach to accommodating Europe's concerns arising from the *Prestige* accident.

European Union introduced a proposal to the IMO for its December meeting that would effectively extend Europe's ban worldwide, and Intertanko would like some form of compromise on that sanction. Nevertheless, the European Commission tried to rush through bilateral agreements with Mediterranean countries and Russia but Russia said "no" and firmly supported the IMO. The Hong Kong Shipowners Association accused the European Commission of exercising a double standard, an "inherent conflict of interest," by allowing European single-hulled tankers to continue to operate in the Far East although banned in home waters.

In other international areas: The European Parliament established a strong committee to probe European maritime safety across a wide spectrum from tankers to car carriers and enforcement.

The European Commission extended its investigations into the financing deal that kept French shipbuilding and engineering group Alstom alive. The EC also welcomed an agreement with the EU and the European Parliament on reducing emissions from off-road diesel engines (read "inland waterways vessels" here).

Designation of Western European waters as a Particularly Sensitive Sea Area was found to be not in conflict with the UN Convention of Law and Sea.

The German classification society DET Norske Veritas got U.S. Coast Guard approval to issue a wide range of safety certifications to U.S. vessels.

A classification expert warned that double-hulled tankers are going to be a fact of life, their crews and societies, not the bad operators, are going to bear the brunt of criticisms, and development of adequate safety checks for double-hulled tankers is urgently needed.

Cruising

Sickness again struck a cruise ship when about 500 of the 2600 people aboard P&O's 76,000-ton *Aurora* were hit by the highly contagious Norwalk gastrointestinal virus, sometime known as traveler's diarrhea. Docking

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

of the ship was denied in Greece so the ship headed for Gibraltar to disembark its passengers. Spain promptly closed its border with Gibraltar. Passengers just as promptly threatened lawsuits for their spoiled vacations although the disease was thought to be have been brought onto the ship by a sick passenger. Two elderly passengers died during the voyage but their deaths were reported as "heart-related."

Quick notes: Norwegian Cruise Lines agreed to allow Crystal Cruises to use Fanning Island as a required non-U.S. stopover for the non-U.S.-flagged *Crystal Harmony* on cruises starting and finishing in Hawaii.

A U.S. court ordered that all cases arising from last May's boiler explosion on the NCL's *Norway* will be handled by arbitration in accordance with employment agreements and arbitration will take place in the Philippines.

Fire on a cruise boat injured 15 tourists and forced others to jump into the Nile. One is missing.

A shipyard fire on Carnival's *Westerdam* will not delay completion of the 1,848 passenger vessel.

The QE2 will soon make its last trans-Atlantic voyage and will concentrate on Mediterranean and Northern Europe voyages thereafter. If anyone has doubts about the ship's status, "We're not a cruise ship. We're a passenger liner," explained its master.

Some in Helsinki are becoming concerned that its high fees may reduce visits by Princess Cruises' ships. Pilotage and fairway fees alone amount to about \$80,000 per visit.

About 15% fewer Japanese went cruising last year and coastal cruising is finding increasing favor in that country.

Basing Holland America's *Maasdam* at Norfolk should bring \$5 million to the city and \$12 million to the Hampton Roads area next year.

Ferries

The U.S. Department of Homeland Security said the State of Washington must write a security plan for its ferries but the State has no plans to reveal what's in the plan. "That would defeat the purpose of a security plan," stated a ferry spokesperson. One rider hoped the plan would focus on searches for large amounts of explosives, explaining, "You're probably not going to sink a ferry with a shoe bomb."

One of the bright orange New York City ferries providing free passenger service between New York and Staten Island rammed a dock, killing ten passengers plus injuring several dozens. The pilot of the *Andrew J. Barberi* failed to slow down, missed the ferry landing at Staten Island, and raked his double-ended ferry across the end of an adjacent concrete pier. He then went home and tried to commit suicide by two different means. He later claimed he had passed out and had slumped over the controls, but at least one witness said the pilot was standing for the final two minutes of the approach.

The ferry's master, who normally docks the ferry on New York-bound trips, is required to be in that wheelhouse during dockings but

was not there. The pilot subsequently refused to talk to investigators until subpoenaed. Many inquiries are underway and numerous lawsuits were promptly filed, including one asking for over \$200 million by a woman who wasn't hurt in the accident but now claims she feels sick while making the crossing. The ferry awaits \$8 million in repairs.

Quick ferry notes: In the U.S., less than a week after the Staten Island ferry disaster, a New Jersey ferry had an exhaust-stack fire and eight passengers and four crew were evacuated.

In Miami, the high-speed catamaran ferry *Purrsseverance* was making runs for publicity photos for a planned Key West service when it ran aground on the MacArthur Causeway, its starboard bow almost into a traffic lane. Nobody was hurt.

A barge and small tug ferry operation across the Connecticut River will be 350 years old in 2005 but activists say the operation needs improving.

In Alaska, the state's Department of Transportation has decided that the new high-speed 235' passenger/vehicle ferry *Fairweather* will operate from Juneau to Haines and Skagway instead of the original planned Juneau-Sitka route. The Sitka mayor is not happy.

The State of Washington decided the most effective way to sell a surplus ferry was on the Internet auction site e-Bay. The 94' catamaran *Tyee* was quickly sold for the \$560,000 reserve price.

A high-speed service between Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, and the Bahamas has started using a vessel called *The Cat*, a ferry name also used elsewhere. High-speed service using the SWATH-type ferry *Cloud X* begins in December between Palm Beach and Freeport on Grand Bahama Island.

In Europe, eight stowaways were found hiding in a refrigerated truck shortly after the *Pride of York* left Zeebrugge, Belgium, for Hull. How they managed to escape detection baffled ferry authorities because carbon-dioxide sensors and an X-ray scanner should have detected the illegals.

In Greece, the 27,230gt *Blue Horizon* damaged the 29,968gt *Icarus Palace* while trying to moor stern-first at Patras in strong winds. When the 6,177gt *Express Adonis* broke a stern line in strong winds and contacted the Alonnisos breakwater, it damaged its starboard propeller so the ferry made its next scheduled trip accompanied by two Coast Guard landing craft.

A passenger on the ferry *Ulysses*, traveling from Wales to Ireland, may have fallen overboard.

And Cenargo will trade equity for debts, thus keeping 400 workers employed on the Mersey to Dublin and Belfast runs.

In the Channel Islands, local supporters are asking the State to take over stricken operator Emeraude (even though the company has a new operator) so ferry service between Guernsey and St. Malo can continue.

In Canada, pine needles floating in British Columbia waters after heavy rains clogged the cooling water intakes on the *Queen of Cowichan* and caused her to skip two sailings. And 97% of British Columbia ferry workers voted to strike for major concessions in wages and hours of work. Across Canada, a wildcat strike by 150 ferry workers stranded 1,000 passengers in North Sydney, Nova Scotia, and

Port Aux Basques, Newfoundland, terminals for 38 hours. Workers were protesting job cuts in gift shops and bars on the ships.

On the Great Lakes, employees are being hired for the Canadian American Transportation Systems' new high-speed ferry that will carry up to 774 passengers and 238 cars between Rochester, New York, and Toronto. Start-up is expected next June. Progress is being made in Lake Express LLC plans to operate a 200' catamaran capable of carrying 250 passengers and 46 vehicles across Lake Michigan from Milwaukee to Muskegon. And the Erie-Western Pennsylvania Port Authority wants a two trips a day truck-carrying service between Erie, Pennsylvania, and Nanticoke, Ontario. The ferry may be a 492' icebreaking ferry carrying up to 100 trucks per trip at \$120 per truck and service might start as early as 2005.

Elsewhere, passengers on a ferry sailing from Dhubri to Goalpara on the Brahmaputra River grew suspicious about one passenger and asked him to open his bag. He refused, threw a grenade that killed one passenger, and tried to flee with other terrorists. Passengers then challenged them, they killed another two passengers with more grenades, and the passengers persevered, overpowering five terrorists and promptly lynching them.

Also in India, ten Goanese tiatr fans found that a ferry would not come over to their side of the river no matter how loudly they shouted. One wonders if the ferrymen were not fond of some aspects of tiatr, a form of entertainment that is not a musical nor a drama but which uses songs that are unrelated to the play itself and which feature social, political, or religious themes.

Two Malaysian ferry companies have been reducing fares on the Lumat-Pangkor service to the point where both operators are crying. "We cannot continue to give promotional prices to passengers if we are to survive," said one. The government has decided it wanted to stabilize fares, partly because tourists were being charged more than residents.

Senegal would welcome European Union assistance in raising the ferry *Joola*, which sank a year ago with loss of some 1,800 lives. Senegal seems to think somebody in the EU made such an offer.

India has proposed resumption of ferries between Indian port of Mumbai and the Pakistani port of Karachi as part of several peace initiatives. The two cities were once considered to be sister cities.

Finally, ferry service has opened between the Russian Far East port of Vladivostok and South Korean port of Sokcho.

Third World ferry casualties seemed to have been low this past month. Fifteen people died when a ferry carrying 50 capsized in the southern India State of Andhra Pradesh, and earlier in the month in the same state another 29 died on the river Krishna when their ferry capsized.

Hard Knocks

The fire aboard the container ship *Sea*

Elegance off Durban, mentioned in my last column, left one mariner missing and presumed dead. But it turned out that some containers held undeclared hazardous materials,

and that fact created a firestorm of controversy that made the fire on the ship seem puny.

Off Nigeria, the anchor-handling tug *Stevns Power* was lowering an anchor near a much larger oilfield service vessel when the tug suddenly capsized and sank, taking its crew of 11 with it. The accident had no apparent cause.

The U.S. Coast Guard responded to an explosion on an oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico in which two workers went missing. And at Texas City, a tank barge carrying sulfuric acid sank on its side at a pier, bow aground and stern floating, and caused multiple problems. First, it began leaking its contents, which reacted with the water to create hydrogen and also heated up the barge's remaining contents until the barge's sides were bulging. Finally, holes were drilled and manhole covers opened to relieve the pressure. When divers started rigging slings so the barge could be righted, they found excessive debris in the water. The barge is still on its side as this column was written.

Building and Scrapping

Quick shipbuilding notes: China's biggest shipbuilder plans to enlarge until it can build 2.6 mdwt by 2010.

In the U.K., Appledore, now in receivership, has two potential buyers and 550 workers may soon go back to work. VP Group (formerly Vosper Thornycroft) has started production of building blocks for the Royal Navy's new Type 45 destroyer at a new facility in Portsmouth. And A&P's Teeside yard has plenty of repair work.

In Germany, Aker MTW Werft has orders for four more 2,500-teu container ships, raising its total to nine such ships. In all, German yards have orders worth about \$2.4 billion for 51 vessels and expect another 50 ships to be ordered by year's end. The steel price of \$3 per tonne vs \$1 in the Far East is a major factor but, if workers make some concessions, the yards should break even. However, Hamburg-based JJ Seitas will fire 200 workers (one-sixth of its workforce) next year, claiming government subsidies are less than one-fifth of the company's entitlement. Finally, insolvent German shipbuilder SSW has received some work from also troubled HDW and hopes for more work.

In Italy, most small and medium-sized Italian yards are out of work and some are shifting to yacht building. But Greek vehicle transporter Neptune Lines awarded a contract for two vehicle carriers to Fincantieri. Finally, both of Malta's troubled shipyards will get a fresh start under a new collective agreement with the government.

French shipyards Chantiers Pirou and Construction Mechaniques de Normandie, leading French builders of small ships, and the union are upset that French towage operator Les Abeilles went to Norway for two deep sea salvage tugs to replace the ETVs (Emergency Towing Vessels) *Abeille Languedoc* and *Abeille Flandre*. It was reported that the Norwegian yard could build them for \$3.5 million less than the two French yards. Les Abeilles was recently awarded a French Navy contract to supply two ETVs.

And Russian shipbuilders seem to be reluctantly moving towards mergers as order books look emptyish.

South Korean yards had received more

orders by October than in any previous full year, some 382 vessels aggregating 13 million compensated gross tonnes (cgt). The total South Korean order book contains orders for 699 vessels aggregating 24 million cgt. But Hanjin Heavy Industries notified owners that deliveries may be two months late due an ongoing strike. The labor situation there has been so bad lately that the chief of the union committed suicide at the Busan facility on October 17 by hanging himself from a crane. Hyundai Samho shipyard and its union are at peace after 32 rounds of talks, although some issues remain open.

Quick scrapping notes: France sold the old aircraft carrier *Clemenceau* to a Spanish company with the provision that asbestos would be removed and the vessel scrapped only in Spain. Then France learned that the old vessel was headed for Turkey for demolition, rescinded the deal, and resold the vessel to a German company. But an Italian towage company has custody of the *Clemenceau* and threatened to dispose of it outside the Mediterranean. France then admitted it didn't know what it would do next.

Greenpeace raised such a stink about alleged hazardous materials on the old LPG tanker *Hesperus* that Indian authorities kept the ship from being beached at Alang and scrapped. It now appears that Greenpeace was wrong. But the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* headed towards Alang for a month-long campaign of "corporate accountability" and will undertake "toxic patrolling of the seas" around Alang.

A tripartite meeting of the International Labour Organisation featured representatives of workers, employers, and government from Bangladesh, India, China, Pakistan, and Turkey worked with experts from the U.S., Canada, Norway, and South Korea on establishing guidelines for safer dismantlings. It was agreed that nighttime scrapping was hazardous but sometimes necessary. Said one expert, "It (scrapping) will never be perfect but improvements can be made."

Navies

The Australian Navy towed a fishing vessels with 14 suspected Kurdish asylum seekers farther out to sea until a government panel could decide what to do with them.

Two Dutch warships arrested two mother ships and five supplier vessels carrying over 142 million barrels of smuggled Nigerian oil, while the Nigerian Navy itself arrested 15 ships in the April to October period.

The Indian Navy will conduct joint exercises with the Chinese Navy, the Indonesian Navy will conduct joint exercises with the French Navy, and the Japanese Navy will conduct joint exercises with the U.S. Navy.

The Thai Navy sent the warship *Sukhothal* to rescue some 200 stranded tourists after heavy storms cut ferry services to the resort island of Koh. The same storms sank fishing vessels and a freighter, and the Navy used two war ships in search operations.

The South African Navy chief said Navy participation in bidding for four corvettes was "above reproach" in spite of allegations made by various subcontractors.

The Taiwanese Navy is suing a major French contractor for \$590 million over a 1991 contract for six frigates built by the company. \$500 million is for the return of alleged

kickbacks to Chinese and French officials and \$90 million is for the damage to the Navy's image.

The South Korean Navy fired warning shots when a North Korean patrol vessel strayed 990 yards over the poorly defined sea border. The patrol vessel may have been chasing off poaching Chinese fishing vessels.

The Swedish Navy started salvaging a Swedish aircraft shot down over the Baltic by a Soviet fighter in 1952. At British and U.S. behest the DC-3 was checking on recently erected Soviet radar stations. The wreckage, in international waters, was detected only this year.

The French Navy wasted 16 million euros on a hovercraft prototype of a class of four fast combat craft and has now decided that two Harmina class missile boats will work just as well.

And the New Zealand frigate *Canterbury* was damaged by fire while on fisheries patrol 200 miles offshore.

The U.S. Navy is investigating how the attack submarine *USS Topeka* came to snap the towing hawser between a tug and an empty oil barge in Puget Sound. Two U.S. Navy ships, part of an advance security force protecting President Bush during his recent visit to the Philippines for eight hours, ignored all radio requests to identify themselves. So claimed the Philippine Navy, which was somewhat irritated. And the mothballed aircraft carrier *USS Oriskany* may end up as an artificial reef in Florida.

Salvage

The battle over the broken-apart tanker *Tasman Spirit* at Karachi continued as insurers and owners claimed that investigations "have shown significant shortcomings of port conservancy and operations." The American P&I Club accused Pakistan of obstructing salvage, pollution control work, and ship removal. Pakistan counter-claimed that the insurers and owners were not honoring obligations to pay port dues, remove the wreck, clean beaches, and otherwise combat pollution. The P&I Club said the allegations were untrue and tried several times to establish a framework for compensation so the remains of the tanker can be removed and the crew members are released.

The Pakistani governments at both federal and port authority levels refused to negotiate. The master and six of his crew plus the salvage master have been detained without charges. The crew's lawyer said that charges of negligence and delaying removal of cargo were "misconceived." The *Tasman Spirit's* master claimed from detention that monsoon conditions and the lack of tugs were the cause of the grounding and said he was simply following the advice of the pilot. The Pakistani foreign minister rejected a request from his Greek counterpart that the seven mariners be allowed to go home while the communications minister claimed that holding them was within Pakistan's legitimate rights and he noted that other crew and salvage personnel had been released "purely on humanitarian grounds."

The International Salvage Union belatedly spoke up, asking for release of the salvage master and reminding Pakistan (and other countries, too, no doubt) that salvors may be reluctant to provide assistance if there is another major pollution incident.

Pakistan's communications minister, who had been supervising the official inquiry and pushing for compensation through legal action, resigned amidst rumors of possible corruption or being unable to press charges against senior executives of Pakistan National Shipping and the National Highway Authority.

The Greek shipping company that controlled operations of the *Tasman Spirit* went on the offensive and arrested two ships belonging to Pakistan National Shipping Corp. No progress was made towards removing the two halves of the *Tasman Spirit*, now deeply embedded in the harbor bottom. Beach cleaning was completed but experts believe it must be relaunched once the wreck is removed.

In South America, the Greek tanker *Fidelity* lost an anchor and two shots of chain between buoys 26 and 28 in the Maracaibo Lake Channel. That blocked the Channel for larger tankers and several were bottled-up inside. A search during the few minutes each day of calm water during tidal changes found a buoy anchor then, after a week of searching, the *Fidelity's* anchor and chain were found. Channel reopened.

Salvage of the hull of the car carrier *Tricolor* was completed but work will continue for almost another year because most of the luxury cars have not been recovered. Only 330 of the 2,862 vehicles have been brought to the surface and their tanks hold fuel.

Piracy

Piracy is sharply up with 344 attacks worldwide in the first nine months of 2003 vs. 271 attacks in the same period last year. Deaths, injuries, and hostages taken are also up. Tugboats seem to an increasing target and experts worry that terrorists will pack a tug with explosives and aim it at a tanker, cruise liner, or port. Additionally, two large ships were captured as they steamed through busy waters without anyone at the helms, which has authorities worrying about collisions with VITs (Very Important Targets).

Bulkers

In recent years, increasing concern has been focused on the mysterious disappearances of bulkers. Now, in accordance with a SOLAS regulation, the IMO is requiring installation of equipment for detecting ingress of water into cargo holds and spaces forward of the collision bulkhead.

Odd Bits

The Republic of Kiribati became the 163rd member of the International Maritime Organization and the U.K. has signed an international agreement to protect the remains of *RMS Titanic*. One more nation need sign to make the agreement effective.

Rumors that Aker Kvaerner might close the Kvaerner Philadelphia Shipyard have a U.S. Senator demanding that the State of Pennsylvania, the de facto owner of the yard since it issued \$450 million in bonds to finance the yard, do something to keep it open.

Norway requires a 40% representation of women and men on a company's board and there is pressure that the next chief executive of Statoil be a woman.

Dubai's attorney general has decided not to press criminal charges against nine Dubai Drydock employees. They may have played major roles in the failure of a drydock gate in

March, 2002 that killed at least 29 workers.

In Sicily, the trial of a Pakistani former taxicab driver has started. He owned a boat that carried illegal immigrants ashore from larger vessels and made at least \$7.5 million. He is charged with mass murder of 283 Indian immigrants on Christmas Day, 1996, when his vessel, a former RAF crash boat loaded with 340 people, started leaking and sank. The passengers were forced off at gunpoint. Italian authorities took seven years to bring the case to justice and then only because of international pressures.

The Milford Haven Port Authority settled claims arising from the *Sea Empress* stranding and subsequent oil spill by a \$79 million payment.

More and more freighters are now carrying a few passengers. Latest to do so is CMA CGM, which initiated a transatlantic service by four ships from the Mediterranean to the U.S. East Coast, each carrying 12 passengers.

The pilotless Russian flagged freighter *Khazar Star-2* hit the historic Sait Halim Pasha Mansion because of erratic currents, and the Cypriot flagged bulker *Mana* ran aground in the Turkish Straits. The Turks would love to be able to insist that a pilot be on each ship.

As the new traffic control system for the Turkish Straits gets up to speed, daylight restricted tankers are facing delays up to a week. And unusually prolonged fog slowed the rate of transits through the Panama Canal.

Those who have been following the adventures of the *Cormo Express*, that ship carrying 55,000 more or less Australian sick (depending on who you talked to) sheep, may be interested to know the ship stopped at Eritrea. No word on what happened to the sheep.

Fierce opposition, more than 20 people died, stopped plans to ship \$6 billion's worth of Bolivian liquefied natural gas to Mexico and the West Coast of the U.S.

Port officials at Miami banned the Greenpeace vessel *Esperanza* from docking because it posed an undue security risk. Their evaluation seems to go back to an incident when Greenpeace tried to place two people aboard the *APL Jade* while off Miami. Greenpeace USA faces federal charges at a trial in December. In Europe, Greenpeace urged the U.K. to withdraw the single-hulled storage tanker *Wilmington* from Gibraltar on the basis of the EU's ban on such tankers. The *Wilmington* replaced single-hulled tanker *Vemamagna*, which was stormed by Greenpeace activists in January. Four of the activists will be sentenced soon.

Headshakers

A recent note discussing how the sale of bonds will affect one shipping company's sinking fund may leave many with an uneasy reaction to that account's title.

In South Africa, Cape Town is hurting. For instance, its repair yards are suffering, financially and otherwise, because of poor operating standards and incompetence, and ships have suffered major damages while being repaired. Industry is urging the National Ports Authority to stop getting rid of the port's experts and to discharge the incompetent managers instead. The port's pilot boats and tugs have sometimes been unable to operate for several days because somebody forgot to order fuel for them.

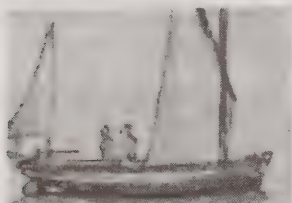


The Maritime Museum in Exeter has the largest collection of working boats in the world, and is still growing. It is to be found on the banks of the River Exe in the heart of the city and only five minutes from the cathedral. It is housed in a number of historic warehouses and in the Exeter Canal (dug in 1566).

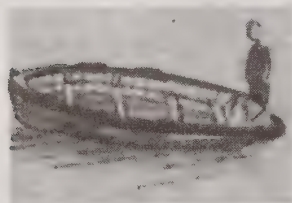
The craft in this catalogue are in numerical order, the number of each boat being found on the longer explanation that accompanies each boat.

This catalog lists all the boats in the possession of the Museum. Some of them are not on display, and others may be withdrawn for maintenance or sailing. The mention of a boat does not therefore imply that it is on display. Please enquire if there is one which you are particularly keen to see.

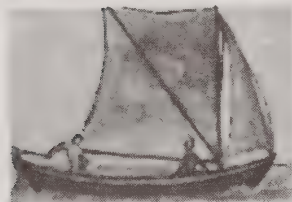
Notice: this museum is no longer in existence.



- 44. EXE LUGGER** A typical small inshore fishing craft, a type to be found almost anywhere along the South Coast of England. Rigged as a lugger on the mainmast and probably a lugs'l on the mizzen too in its early days. The centre board is probably a more recent addition—to improve its ability to sail to windward.



- 45. SOLITAIRE** The schooner 'Grace' built in Kingsbridge, South Devon in 1869 was wrecked at Teignmouth in 1907. A local girl Ivy Carus-Wilson, later to become Mrs. Morgan Giles dragged off the bowsprit from which was made the Gig SOLITAIRE. She was raced many times in South West harbour regattas, often winning.



- 46. MEDWAY DOBLE** A small version of the better-known Peterboat. Sprit rigged, with a wet fish tank. This boat is at present derelict, and awaiting restoration.



- 47. AUSTRALIAN SURF BOAT** This type of boat must be familiar to many people who have never been to Australia. They have become an Australian national symbol, often featuring in Australian tourist advertising. This boat has also seen service in Bude, Cornwall, and was presented by the Bude Life-saving Society.



- 48. THAMES RACING PUNT** Once a common sport on the Thames, punt racing is now almost dead. The punt itself needs a tightrope-walker's skill to balance it but the wash of the increasing number of power boats has made even this insufficient to remain afloat. Presented by Wraysbury Skiff and Punt Club of Windsor.

*Illustrated
with boat 43*

- 49. PICCIN BOAT, NIGERIA** These boats are poled along by a man standing with one foot in front of the other, a difficult skill to acquire but necessary in the tortuous channels at the entrance to the Niger. The title 'piccin' comes from the Pidgin English 'picanniny', meaning child, but refers to the size of the boat, not the owner.



50. **QE 3** This tiny boat was rowed across the Atlantic by the Allum cousins Don and Geoff in the winter of 1971. Their time was 73 days. A recrossing in 1972 was abandoned after 72 days. The design, known as the Grand Banks Dory is a well proven one for rowing in the open sea and was used until the '60s for fishing on the Grand Banks off Newfoundland.



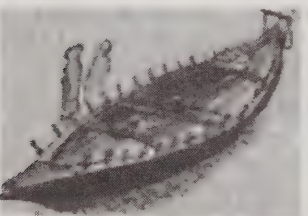
51. **ARAN CURRAGH** Less well built than its Kerry cousins, but thoroughly seaworthy. It has the characteristic bladeless oar and can be sailed down wind but has insufficient lateral resistance to be sailed to windward. Presented by Doctor Tony Fairrie, for whom it was built in 1973.



52. **SAMPAN 'SHUN LEE'** A Chinese fishing boat from Hong Kong, built of yacal and teak. The hull is divided into watertight holds for fresh water, live fish, provisions and so forth. The fisherman and his family usually live on the boat. Obtained for the museum by Sergeant Brian Jones while serving with the RAF in Hong Kong.



53. **PICAROONER** A yawl rigged lugger from Clovelly. These craft, being small and easy to launch had no need to wait for the tide or for crews to assemble when fish were sighted, so they were first among the fish. Presented to the museum by Mr J. J. Headon of Clovelly, whose family had owned her since 1906 when she was built for £10 in Appledore.



54. **UMLA** An Arab fishing boat from the Batinah Coast of the Gulf of Oman, built at Bu Bakarah. This is a pulling boat of a very ancient design. Although this particular boat was built in 1969 it nevertheless looks a very old boat. Obtained for the museum by George Chapman of Grey McKenzie, Dubai and transported free of charge by P&O and BRS.



55. **MISS ENGLAND** Although never the holder of the world speed record, MISS ENGLAND was outstandingly fast and manoeuvrable and with Sir Henry Segrave as pilot won many world championships against far larger and more powerful boats. MISS ENGLAND is on loan from the Science Museum.



56. **ARABIAN GULF DUGOUT** A typical dugout from the Gulf of Oman, this particular one was found at sea by HM Fleet Auxiliary 'Tarbatness'. Nothing is known of the origin of this boat, which was presented to the museum by the Master of the 'Tarbatness', Captain J. H. McLoughlin. An interesting comparison can be made with this and number 12, a new boat of the same type.

For one of my columns in *Small Craft Advisor*, the editors suggested I ask very experienced people, "What are the one or few things you always take with you on small boats, even day trips, besides the obvious PFD, water, bailing and propulsion gear of oars, sails, paddles?"

Marilyn Vogel, American Canoe Association National Sailing Committee Secretary, and husband Chuck Sutherland, hypothermia authority, initiator of the ACA's sea kayak instructor program, designer of the NavAid, Pennsylvanians:

"For sailing, I take my 'ditty bag' that clips on. I can put anything in it, extra beverage, sweater, rope, knife, D ring, compass, and things for making me feel secure, like a glow in the dark stick and spare gloves, first aid stuff. We take NavAids on all kayak trips."

Ben Fuller, past president, Traditional Small Craft Association, ACA sea kayak instructor, chair of the International Canoe Sailing Committee, Maine Guide, author:

"For me it depends a bit on what I am doing...there is always a compass, sometimes a handline in my pocket, even for an hour on the river. The kayak vest has lots of survival stuff, marking gear, food, fire making, insulation. The same is in the larger boats, just different items. There is always some kind of knife. If I'm sailing it is a sheath knife made by Arne Emil Christensen, guru of Norwegian boats, a copy of a knife found in one of the Viking burials, real steel, not stainless."

Iain Oughtred, the widely respected designer of beautiful small craft, living on Scotland's Isle of Skye:

"I forgot a warm, woolly hat on a trip to Loch Ness last summer and won't forget one again. I always brings a pocket knife and carry 2'-3' lengths of small line in my pockets and a combination shackle key, screwdriver, and bottle opener, although the shackle key hasn't been used since racing days. Now the bottle opener gets much more use. Also, a wee flask of tea or coffee on short trips. In dinghies always a bucket with a tether and a tether for nearly everything."

Jim Brown, world renowned trimaran designer, living on the lower Chesapeake. This last winter he had a new baby to test, the WindRider 17. Although the winter was warm, he may have been thinking WindChill 17 when we talked:

"Wonderful seven hour chemical hand warmers (from Eddie Bauer) and then polar hoods, the fleece balaclavas with a face hole drawstring. Partly because of macular degeneration, I always carry a telescopic monocular, half a binocular, on a line around my neck, and a whistle, which many have attached to their PFDs."

Meade Gougeon, Jim's buddy, fellow multi huller, and canoe sailor from Michigan's Saginaw Bay of Lake Huron:

"I always carry small training swim fins. I was a college swimmer and have been swimming ever since. These are Zoomers fins and smaller than the smallest snorkeling fins I've seen. They nearly triple my swimming efficiency. So if I had to swim for it... And they work for walking on mud somewhat like snowshoes."

Jim Derck, Gougeon Brothers' technical advisor, boathead with the Gougeons since high school. He and Jan, nearly on a lark, sailed Jan's early, little ply trimaran to Lake Superior's Isle Royale:



By Hugh Horton

"I suggest beginners give thought to wind direction and currents in flat rivers and tidal areas. It can be a long way home if the wind shifts and what they'd thought would be downwind becomes a headwind, or up current with tired paddling muscles and blistered hands. We use bicycle gloves, which are ventilated and padded in the right place for paddling. Small folding grapnel anchors are handy in shallow water to walk away from the boat. They're light and fold compactly."

Rob Monroe, CEO of Gougeon Brothers:

"Long or short trip, I have a small dry bag with lighter, knife, bug dope, sun block, spare hat, ACR Firefly Strobe and extra AA batteries, a Silva Ranger compass, Leatherman, an old pair of Bushnell super compact binoculars, a couple of hanks of 3-4mm line, and whatever shiny little things seem de rigueur at the moment (cigar cutter?). Also, a 15-year-old 1.5 liter saline solution bottle (spoils from a long ago surgery) as a water bottle."

"All overnight trips seem to include a nature guide for wherever I am, a 500ml Nalgene bottle with rye whiskey (this bottle has taken on the deep rich color of the rye and the 500ml seems right), a cigar or two as bug smudges or personal sized campfires for low impact trips, and a Ritchie WetNotes notebook to record the things I forgot to bring."

"A book. I think the best safety accessory is a good book, stay in place during a blow or stay pleasant waiting for the tide to favor you."

How right he is. Howard Rice and I were weather bound extra days on Patos Island north of Orcas Island in Puget Sound. We ran out of nearly everything except reading material.

Hallie Bond Smith is Curator at the Adirondack Museum in New York in charge of its collection of 208 watercraft and wrote *Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks*. Her husband, Mason Smith, builds the Adirondack "Goodboats." Their big boat is a Drascombe Lugger. Hallie launched and continues to organize the No Octane Regatta for the Museum at Blue Mountain Lake:

"...from a mother, for a canoe trip in the woods: Appropriately sized paddle for the kid, appropriate to them, not to the boat. And this is assuming they are not the person in the stern, grown-ups have to keep a constant eye out for the paddle floating by. Floatable toy on a string, attached to the boat. Cushions and/or an old ensolite pad to make a kidspace in the middle of the boat. Snacks in small pieces for doling out judiciously whenever the whining starts (chocolate covered raisins, small

cookies, crackers). Sand shovel. Change of kid clothing, complete."

Mason's lucky. "When I go sailing," he wrote, "I forget to take anything. If I take anything, I forget to use it."

To Hallie's list, I'll add a canvas ditty bag with jello molds, which become toys for molding sand. K's daughters were 2 and 6 (now 18 and 22) when we began toting them in the center cockpit of a 20' Eddyline San Juan three hole kayak. The bag also served for shells, bugs, and bits.

Ron Hoddinott, a Florida Sea Pearler, founder West Coast (Florida) Trailer Sailer Squadron, 35 years sailing, ex-racing sailor, paddler:

"I'm not sure I always bring the same thing on all trips, but rather fit the list of must haves to the nature of the trip. Skin care, sunglasses, a spare hat or cap are necessary due to the latitude of most of my trips. Moleskin for blisters, First Aid kit, proper water shoes. Lots of changes of shirts, both long and short sleeves, depending on the length of the trip. And a foul weather jacket and overall bib pants. Tools and repair items, too. Duct tape for the Klepper, a pop rivet gun for the Sea Pearl (masts are assembled with them).

"For overnight trips, I record thoughts and details so I choose between a small laptop, a Palm with keyboard, or a pad of waterproof paper and pencil, the original word processor. On overnight or longer I bring Captain Morgan Rum, a fine wine or German beer like Becks or St. Pauli Girl. And cameras! Gotta have 'em."

Me, too. In a sailing canoe, though, I lean to more condensed 96 proof Old Navy Pussers or 151 Goslings.

Bud Tritschler, the grand man of Sea Pearl 21s, replied from Florida:

"Hugh, you know how simple we sail. There isn't much we must have aboard on every sail. A little tool kit and a little extra line, some 1/8" nylon, pocket knife, bucket, urinal (at 76 that's handy, including the woman's attachment for Rhoda), light jacket. The other stuff, radio, GPS, etc., we usually forget to bring because they just aren't necessary. Anywhere but in home waters we must have a chart. The compass is permanently aboard. Of course, we own no motor."

Bud carries less aboard *Nutshell* than I do in *Puffin*, my sailing canoe.

Howard Rice from Micronesia:

"Umbrellas. I always travel with two. One super mini (Japanese) and one large model for true sun coverage, napping in the cockpit, rain, etc. My new canoe will have a purpose installed umbrella holder behind me for coverage when paddling. I also wear an umbrella hat here."

"High quality wine vinegar spikes up many things when cooking. A tiny inflatable pillow. Mozart and Walkman. Lots of Ziploc bags in at least two sizes. Small garbage bags for compacting non burnables and other waste. Inflatable sink. D cell battery fan (tiny) for tropical sleeping. Sometimes a Frisbee. Had one of the most interesting nights of my life involving a D cell fan. Frisbees are good, too, for eating and bailing."

Verlen Kruger, a legend, the icon of long distance paddlers, now approaching 100,000 miles, including up the Mississippi as part of a figure eight around North America and much of the distance from the MacKenzie River delta to Cape Horn:

"Yeah, was out paddling, eight hours. Nice Sunday, wasn't it?" It was sunny, low 40s, breezy. "Like yesterday, I always carry at least two compasses and two knives. Matches, really a lighter now, too, and a brass container of kitchen matches."

What about pleasure?

"Oh, that would be the little plastic jar of mixed nuts. Late June we're going, down the Yukon...having a rendezvous for those with my boats...a leisurely trip, smell roses. Jenny's coming (mother of their nine children). It'll be fun."

I ask where on the Yukon.

"We'll take all summer. The whole thing, a couple thousand miles. It'll be sort of a double celebration."

Double? For the paddlers and...? "My 80th birthday."

Although I excluded bailing gear from the question, I'd like to put in word for a natural sponge. Florida has several commercial species. My favorite is the "wool" sponge, although I've no idea of its Latin name. It seems to hold a hunk of water the size of the sponge. I get the biggest I can, about a quart volume. Remember to thread a line through its holes and tether it. They sink.

Another item I've come to love is a quartz analog pocket watch. I hang it at the forward end of the cockpit for a deck watch (Campmor's Timex #64123 or #64124, \$15).

Footwear always along but worn seldom unless it's cold is a pair of white commercial fishermen boots by Servus. Otherwise it's zoris or bare feet.

Categories and a few examples:

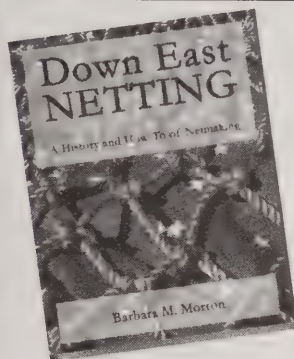
Safety: Meade's fins, Rob Monroe's book, Ben's survival gear with his PFD, Iain's tethers on loose gear, my natural sponge.

Noting: Marilyn and Chucks' NavAids, my deck watch, Jim's monocular, Ben's and Verlen's compasses.

Well run ship: Hallie's kids' gear, Ron's clothes, Iain's bucket, tool kits, my Servus boots, Jim Dercle's anchor, Bud's urinal.

Pleasure: Booze of Hoddinott, Rob, and me, Rob's cigars, Howard's vinegar and Mozart, Iain's coffee or tea, Verlen's mixed nuts

What's common? As Verlen recalled, the Boy Scouts "Be prepared" has stuck with him. And it's a tenet of seamanship. Be adaptable, be flexible. Think ahead.



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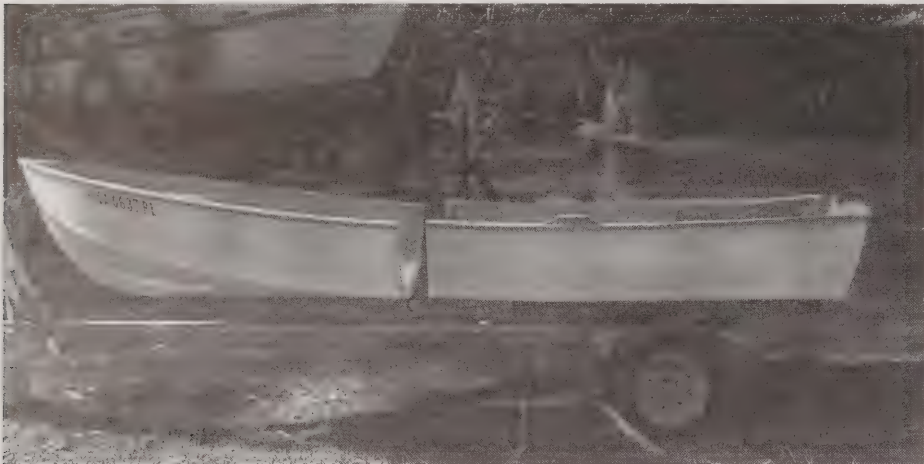


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There he is fitting a new cork gasket. That black line at the transom corner is a brass strap to protect the plywood.



Here he is picking contact cement off his fingers. That boat grown up around by the bushes in the background is son Wes' old Cape Dory 25 which used to go to the Bahamas with us every summer.

The forward half nests in the after section. The chines ride in that notch in the frame and the stem touches the inside of the transom and the whole setup fits upside down over the companionway of the sailboat. The fact that there is no bulkhead where the boat takes apart makes it so we can go below easily. That is not the gasket you see with the bolt holes. That's the fiberglass mating surface that the gasket seals to.



Old Take Apart Fixed Up

By Robb White

I tell you what, old son Sam is a regular hotshot when it comes to fixing up an old boat. He is like that about all sorts of old junk. When he was a teenager, even before he was old enough to drive, he got a job at an equipment rental place and worked on wornout lawn mowers and weed eaters and compressors and chainsaws and pressure washers and airless sprayers and all. He was a valuable employee because he could make the most wretched piece of crap the man had run for one more rental.

Me, I like high quality stuff myself and won't fool with anything less than top notch equipment, but boats get old and need fixing up. Old Take Apart is a real good example of that. It is a plywood boat built by the "stitch and glue" method when that amazing trick was first revealed to the general public.

Son Wes and I used to build what we called "sacrificial dinghies" to tow to the Bahamas. We figured that the occasion might come when the dinghy would need to be cut loose so we built them cheap. The only trouble was that occasion never came up. I believe a nice, light, self bailing dingy can be towed under almost any conditions if you can let it out enough so it is at least one wavelength behind the boat.

So, back in the woods are several remnants of old sacrificial boats rotting into mulch. There is one at the school where Jane used to teach which is filled with sand for the kids to play in. Though it was made out of 1/4" lauan plywood and painted with latex house paint (not stitch and glue...that's an expensive way to build a boat...chines, "liquid nails," and cement coated box nails are cheap), it is actually holding up pretty good. Of course, the maintenance men slap another coat of latex house paint on there at least once a year and latex house paint builds up a pretty thick barrier against the elements. I wonder if that old asbestos/aluminum mobile home roof coating ("Cool Seal") wouldn't do real good in an application of that nature.

I think stitch and glue is a better method of building a plywood boat than regular chines. For one thing, there is no place for the water to sit on top of the chine and soak in and maybe freeze in the crack and destroy not only the ply of the plywood that is glued to the chine, but rot the chine, too.

The cove of fiberglass reinforced epoxy is impervious to such as that and is mighty strong. When I built old Take Apart I had long since given up on plywood except for sacrificial boats, but I wanted to build a boat that took apart into two halves so I could nest them together over the companionway of my old Morgan 30 (1966).

Take Apart is a 14' skiffboat capable of planing four adults and a good load of groceries and fuel at planing speeds with an 8hp outboard motor. It proved to be an almost perfect cruising dinghy and served for a long time in that capacity.

I already knew about plywood when I built the boat, but I couldn't figure out an-

other way to build a boat that would come apart in the middle. I figured that we would just use it on the cruise and keep it out of the weather all the rest of the time.

Old Take Apart was the second of my own boats that I was able to afford. The other one was just like it but didn't take apart and the only reason I could afford that one was because it got damaged before I could deliver it and I had to patch it up. It lasted for more than ten years. The reason Take Apart and this boat were both 14' long was because when I was first starting out in this business I fell into a windfall.

There was a U.S. plywood distributor down in Tallahassee where I was buying fir marine plywood two sheets at the time. One time I went to get my two sheets and saw an amazing thing. They had a big stack of 16' sheets (that's unscarfed) that had been damaged in the bundle when it had become unbalanced on a forklift and slid off at a great height and boogered up the whole end of the bundle. They offered me a bargain if I took the whole batch.

That was the first money I ever borrowed in my life. My mother-in-law (God bless her good soul) stood for me at the bank. Fourteen feet was about the best I could get from that plywood and I sort of manufactured a bunch of skiffs to the same model as old Take Apart. I was working on a tugboat then and I developed the panels of the model which I enlarged to get my patterns by cutting them out of a cereal box and taping them together. I would like to say that it was a "Froot Loop" box just because I love the name but I really have forgotten what it was... might have been "Cheerios."

Those were pretty good skiffs and should have become the mainstay of fishermen around here except that the "bigger is better" craze had set in. That was when the OMC "V4" engines first came out. After that nobody wanted an 8hp skiff no matter how well it did unless it was dirt cheap. Piss on dirt cheap people who only shop for objects of ostentation. I backlashed into building the best little boats I could possibly build...no holds barred...and that was a good thing. But here is old Take Apart, an anachronism if there ever was one. My 16' lapstrake skiff, Old New, which Sam just finished putting back as good as new, is a much better boat but this old thing has become very dear to us all.

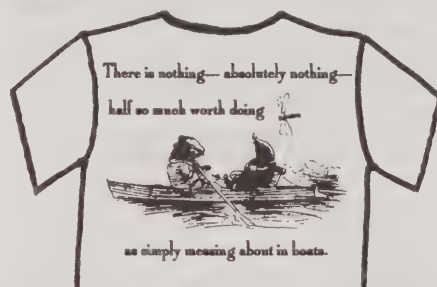
My grand plan to only use the plywood boat for the summer cruise to the Bahamas and keep it in the shade all the rest of the time fell foul with my discovery that a skiffboat was the best way to commute back and forth to the island. It is hard to beat a small, planing, outboard skiff, so what finally happened was that we just quit using big boats to commute and old Take Apart came into continuous use. Even when it was rough and miserable it was better to grit our teeth and run the gauntlet with the little skiff (a cheap polyethylene poncho is one of the best inventions of mankind) than it was to maintain a big boat over on the mainland.

I have always said that small boats are better in rough water than big boats. I mean, there are all sorts of stories about the tragedies of various big deals in the annals of the sea where folks have to abandon the big boat and trust the little boat to pull them through. A big boat is always trying to sink on you but a message in a bottle can drift across any

ocean. We skiffed it in old Take Apart until I could afford to build Old New which took a long time.

So the old boat deteriorated. I wish I had fiberglassed the panels before I put the boat together but I was suffering from the special use delusion and I built the boat and fiberglassed (with epoxy) the outside but left the inside just epoxified and painted plywood. By 1995 she was checking up mighty bad. This is old time five ply stuff so the checks only penetrated about a fifth of the way but they were bad.

Old Sam is very fond of the old boat, so he meticulously sanded the old paint off the inside and re-epoxified and fiberglassed the whole inside of the boat using the heat/cool capillary action method to get the epoxy to penetrate way down into the plywood. It was a big deal but, now old Take Apart is as good as new. Sam likes to take his family on long trips to interesting places over the road. He figures that old Take Apart would nest most comfortably on top of one of those pop-up campers.



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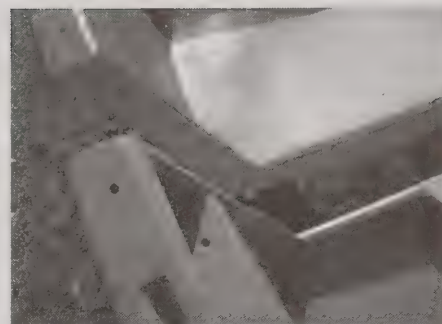
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There's the gasket. You can also see the holes in the rail where one of the four bronze tie plates attach to strengthen the rail and the longitudinal runners in the bottom of the boat. So far, the boat has neither leaked a drop nor tried to come loose or break anything. The gasket is 1/8" thick cork composition. The thick bottom is filled with closed cell (?) foam and will float the boat high enough to be put together in the water and make it self bailing under tow... but it is a heavy boat.

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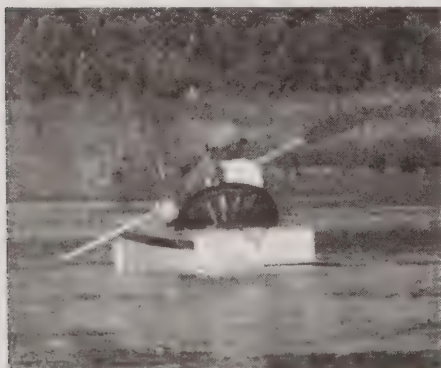
Me and my Flats Rat, *Herk*, on Hundred Acre Pond at Mendon Ponds Park near Rochester, New York, on a perfect fall day 2003. It was *Herk's* launch day.

The smallest boat I've ever owned was a yellow backpacker's inflatable raft about 2' wide and 3' long. You blew it up and got in butt first, legs sticking out over the front. Being full of air, it had total flotation and none at all, all at the same time. Which way it went depended on its ability to stay inflated. In the shallow water of mountain lakes this wasn't a big deal, but one time in deep water at the base of a granite cliff I came to the realization that my little raft didn't have much of a safety factor in snow-melt water 100' deep.

Fast forward about 30 years. The second smallest boat that I've ever owned, the Flats Rat, is also one of the most fun boats that I've had the pleasure of building and using. It's 8' long and about 34" wide with a foot of depth where I sit. Cost was about \$70, time about 40 hours. Fun factor is almost without limits.

To understand the Flats Rat you need to understand the Mouse, a boat that was born on the Internet. The Mouse was originally designed, then released, for free to boatbuilders on the Internet. The release of the Mouse design was modeled after Open Source software development. Mouse is the child of an English guy named Gavin Atkin. His website is a treasure trove of free stuff

My wife, who I affectionately call the "Reverend," paddles her Flats Rat *Perk* on Hundred Acre Pond.



Mouse Boats & Flats Rats

By Jon Rieley-Goddard

having to do with building boats, including computer programs, free, for designing boats. The designer also started a Yahoo club concerning the Mouse, where builders stay in touch and share photos of their Mice.

The Mouse appeared in three photos that ran in the July 15, 2001 issue of *MAIB* in an article titled "John Gardner Small Craft Workshop 2001." A caption that ran with the photos says that no one knew what the little mystery boat was. A few issues later a reader wrote to clear up the confusion and supply the name and some details.

The Flats Rat is a bulked-up version of the Mouse, perfect for chubbier boaters. The designer says that the Flats Rat has 8" of freeboard with 300 lbs. of load. In contrast, the Mouse will hold a kid or two, or one adult not overfond of ice cream and such delights. Freeboard is minimal, about 5". The original reason behind the first Mouse design was to give beginners a taste of stitch-and-glue construction methods. Payloads totaling much

Launch day for *Herk* and I.



above 200 lbs. are problematic. In the two years or so since the first Mouse roared into virtual reality, more than 100 numbers have been issued to builders and many variations on the original design have been posted.

This is where the Flats Rat comes in. A messing-about-type guy in Texas by the name of David Routh designed the Flats Rat as a variation on the Mouse. And he prefers nail-and-glue construction (somebody say amen to that). Where the Mouse has a vee bottom, the Flats Rat has a flat bottom. Propulsion is by double paddle and I found that 8-1/2' paddles work just fine.

The Mouse parameters specify plumb sides, pram ends, vee bottom, hard chines, and plywood sheathing, with stitch-and-glue or nail-and-glue construction. Strip planking or traditional lapstrake planking is not inside the parameters. The Flats Rat goes together with nails and glue, which I greatly prefer over the glop-intensive stitch-and-glue approach. It's a personal thing, but my aversion is strong. My dad and I built a 10-footer called the Graefin-10 when I was in middle school, and I still remember the trouble that we had with Bondo in the heat of summer. No stitch-and-glue for me, thank you. Been there, done that.

Part of the fun of building a little boat like the Flats Rat or the Mouse is building in the basement, which here in Buffalo, New York, is a good thing in the winter. Mouse boats and cognates have minimal plans, so another fun thing is adding your own touches. The prototype Flats Rat had sealed bulkheads at the ends with small, round, plastic hatch covers. I chose to use the approach that Jim Michalak uses on many of his boats such as the Piccup. I made watertight bulkheads but my hatch covers are large and made of plywood and are held down by shock cord crisscrossed and held in place by snapping the cord under screw eyes on the sides of the opening.

Another modification that I introduced in the second Flats Rat that I made was to use two narrow keel strips instead of a skeg, which I used on my first one. And in both boats that I built, I backed the bulkheads and transom ends with 3/4" pine to give me something to nail into with ringed bronze boat nails.

I'm getting ahead of myself some. I've actually built two of these little beauties, *Herk* and *Perk*. The first one went together in secret in the basement last August just before a family vacation on Lake Ontario. My wife (subsequently referred to as the Reverend) noticed a lot of banging going on, but I was able to scam her on the noise for the two or three days it took to complete the hull. Just finishing up some stuff for the sailboat, I told her. Was she surprised? Does Buffalo get a lot of snow in the winter?

On the family vacation I launched for the first time a Piccup Squared sailboat that I had been building all spring and summer from plans by Jim Michalak, but it was the Flats Rat that captured the hearts and minds of the men and women and children in my wife's extended family. Girls as young as 8 and as old as I won't say, and guys of large and larger sizes all found this little paddle boat to be an absolute delight. To get a turn in the Flats Rat you had to get in line. Seven of us tried it out and we had so much fun that we spent a second precious day of our week at Selkirk Shores State Park driving back up to the pro-

tected waters of Salmon River Reservoir, a half-hour inland from Lake Ontario, to enjoy the little boat some more.

Oh sure, I enjoyed the sailboat and it is a beauty in its own right, but it was the little paddle boat that had me. As soon as we got back to Buffalo I went back down in the basement, and 50 hours and \$120 later, mostly for two sheets of lauan underlayment, a gallon of epoxy, and a few pounds of boat nails, I had one of my own, a little green jewel to match the Reverend's little yellow one. These boats can go together with wood and plywood leftovers from other projects and paint and epoxy left in the bottom of dented containers.

I heartily recommend that you build a Mouse or Flats Rat. Here's the deal. If you have a computer and online connection, you can download the plans from the Internet, print them out, and be on your way. For free. If you don't have that capability, someone in your family, in all likelihood, does. And they don't have your aversion to computers and such, either. I list the necessary Internet addresses at the end of this article. They will know what to do with them. They might even teach you how to say URL.

We launched my Flats Rat, *Herk*, in September on a faultless fall day of lively wind and clear sky. A high pressure zone had been giving us day after day of blue sky and fall-tinged warmth with 60s and 70s. It was T-shirt and shorts weather on the cool side. We went to Mendon Ponds Park south of Rochester, New York, near Pittsford and Locks 33 and 34 on the Erie Canal. Mendon Park is out in open country. There are three kettle ponds, glacial lakes, and we paddled on the largest of them, Hundred Acre Pond. There was a strong wind just short of white caps. That gave me a lot of information to ponder concerning the skeg vs. keel strips question that I had posed for myself in building the two little boats.

We launched at a simple dock (no power boats allowed) and were on our way in minutes. I put a small round ice cooler between my extended legs and the Reverend (my wife...remember) had a six-pack size cooler in her little boat. The lake is approximately 1/2-mile wide and 1-1/2 miles long by my estimate. Because it was formed by glacial action and the kettle pond effect, its margins are regular. The depth is sufficient for paddle boats, aquatic grasses grow almost to the water's surface all over the lake and lily pads were present, too, but only in patches. A few beautiful aquatic white flowers persisted among the lily pads.

We had the lake to ourselves except for an old guy in a plastic mini-kayak of the sort that the Flats Rat gives some competition to. The old guy paddled across the lake, then flipped onto his back and drifted with the wind. Our paths crossed once. As we paddled up the shore against the wind we came near a gaggle of geese. After the gaggle split into two groups moving in two directions, one group of four or five geese exploded into flight, honking, flapping, and generally complaining and accusing.

When we made the turn to go downwind, I discovered that my boat with the keel strips had what at first seemed like a counter-intuitive habit of trying to round up into the wind if I paddled normally, dipping one blade, then the other, etc., etc. At first I was puzzled, and

I noticed that if I paddled on one side only I could maintain my heading or would need to switch to paddling for a while on the other side only. I decided that the stern, which has a bit more volume than the bow, with my upright torso adding to the weathervane effect and my weight establishing a pivot point aft of center, was accounting for the boat's desire to round up. The other option was to drag the paddle rather than paddle mostly on one side. That had the effect of controlling the boat's drift downwind, too.

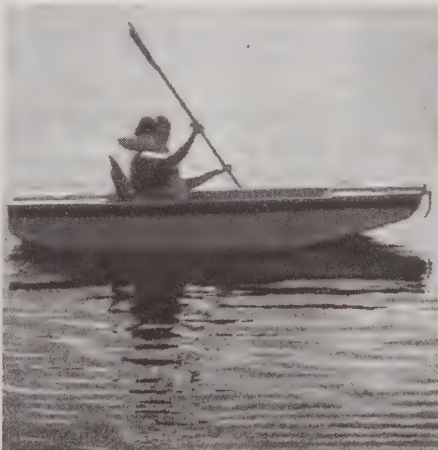
The Reverend's little boat, which has a skeg instead of keel strips, did not act all that differently, except for slightly better tracking downwind. I'll have to try her boat to see for myself. I noticed that both boats wiggled some when we were paddling normally, but it wasn't any more pronounced in mine than in hers. These boats are built more for fun than for speed. The designer reports 3.2mph on the GPS as the top speed.

I like the keel strips and will continue to use them because the lauan plywood that I used in both boats oilcans in the Reverend's boat when you step in. I also noticed flexing when I tossed her boat from the truck onto the water while we were using it on our vacation. This oilcanning is not a big problem, but the two single strips do give a lot of added structural improvement for the effort expended and adds almost no weight. I copied the twin keel strips, which are aligned directly below the coaming strips, from the Piccup Squared project.

One alteration in the Reverend's little boat will be a few strips across the inside of the cockpit forward so she can have something to brace her feet against. When I built my little boat I shortened the cockpit about an inch at each end after seeing that the best sitting position, leaning against the aft bulkhead, still made the boat trim a bit by the stern. The Reverend could move her cutdown lawn chair seat 4"-5" forward, but that would call for a more complex arrangement than just throwing in the chair and paddling away.

Since I am taller, I find it comfortable to brace against the forward bulkhead and use a boat cushion to sit on, keeping out of the pint or two of bilge water I deposit in the boat when I get in (have to remember a big sponge

My wife's 10-year-old niece paddles *Perk* at Salmon River Reservoir near Lake Ontario in the Thousand Islands region. The Flats Rat accepts up to 300 lbs. of payload, more or less, with no complaints or vices.



to get rid of that water next time). I have noticed that sitting on one boat cushion feels right and sitting on two boat cushions feels like I'm in danger of bringing my weight too high for safe buoyancy. I'm planning on playing around with a simple built-in seat. I have several styles to pick among in my library of boatbuilding books.

After drifting down the lake, we had lunch at a picnic area across from the dock. We retraced our route around the lake back to the dock. We had one of the most pleasurable times on the water that we've ever had together. The next day, I was still grinning.

Websites and Other Internet Information

My own website, <http://www.herknperk.com>, has text and photo building logs for several boats that I've built, including a Weekend Skiff that I described in an article that ran in the August 15, 2002, edition of *MAIB*, and several Michalak designs, including a Harmonica canalboat, Moby Dink, Quark, and the Piccup Squared. And building logs of the two Flats Rats. The site has wads of pictures, including an extensive log of our trips on the Erie Canal in our Harmonica.

And my other website, <http://www.bookboating.com>, offers reviews of books about boating, from choosing to building to enjoying. There is a portal on the site through which you can purchase the books that I review. I wouldn't think of building boats without building my boat library, too.

Mouse creator Gavin Atkin offers plans for many Mouse boats at his website, <http://home.clara.net/gmatkin/design.htm>. His collection of links to free things such as computer software for designing boats is extensive and helpful.

The website of Flats Rat creator, David Routh, is <http://www.shortypen.com>. His website also has a lot of pix and text about the various Lake Conroe (Texas) Messabouts that have taken place in recent years.

Another website with free downloads of Mouse plans is *Duckworks* magazine, an online resource known to some *MAIB* readers, at <http://www.duckworksmagazine.com>. This site has a good community feel.

There are also Yahoo Groups concerning Mouse boats and boats designed by Jim Michalak. Go to <http://www.yahoo.com> and do a word search. Joining a Yahoo Group is easy, directions are on the first page that you will encounter.

Listen, if you have made it this far and you don't like computers or the Internet, here's what you do. Take your copy of *MAIB* with this article inside and go to your local public library. Walk up to the reference desk and stab your finger at those Internet addresses in the paragraphs above. Grunt or make some other appropriate noise. You won't even have to break into speech. The librarian will know what to do. If he/she tries to get you to sit down at a computer, simply say, "No thanks...all I need is for you to go here and download and print out some boat plans for me." Better yet, ask your 12-year-old nephew to do it for you.

Fear and/or loathing of things digital is no excuse. You can do this. And you will be glad that you did. Those of you who have Internet access can email me (webmaster@herknperk.com) with any questions that you have about these fine little boats.



Stretched Auray Punt

By Hans Waecker

If, as an "amateur designer," my only criterion would be that my creation floats, this would be easy. However, having built some 20-odd Bolger designed boats, I am aware that there is more to it. I have a feeling that some of my co-freres are not cognizant of this fact.

In my book Phil Bolger is a genius, every time I read his accounts I find another "pearl." His Auray Punt has been featured in *MAIB* since Phil published the plans in the February 1, 1993 issue.

In 1995 I built one which still lives happily in Nova Scotia. In the July 15, 1998 issue I detailed our panelized construction for shipment by U.S. mail to Culebra, Puerto Rico.

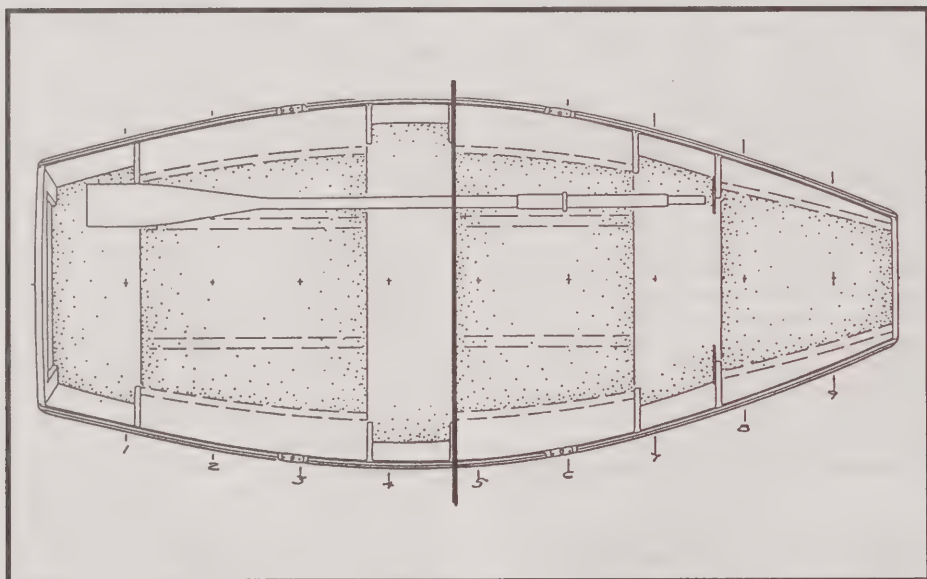
The Auray Punt shown on Page 8 of the December 15, 2003 issue gave me the idea to describe my approach to stretching the 10' original version to 12', which I briefly mentioned on Page 8 in the November 15, 2002 issue. Here now is how I went about it.

I purchased a set of plans from Dynamite Payson, which he sells for \$30. The plans are drawn to scale, this makes it easy to pick up the dimensions with an architect's rule. If you want to build one, write to Dynamite at Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 or call him at (207) 594-7587.

In order to stretch the punt, I cut the plan view along the forward edge of the center thwart between stations 4 and 5 as marked on the drawing. I then measured one foot in each direction, fore and aft, and faired the lines along the gunwales with a batten. As I wanted to retain the gained midship space, I made the center thwart removable. Rowlock sockets are placed 10" aft of the forward thwart as well as of the center thwart. This center thwart is necessary to maintain the trim for solo rowing.

The rigidity of the side panels was retained by adding an inwale at a 3/4" space. The transom knees were enlarged to allow storage spaces underneath. These are accessible through deck plates in the knees. The rest of the construction is straightforward.

Hans Waecker, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282



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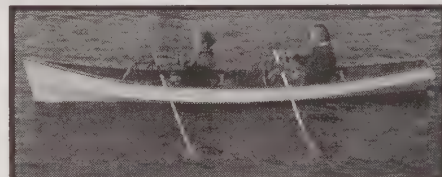
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In the last article we made the flexi-trunk block, this article will install that part along with other parts to the underside of sleepers deck.

The flexi-trunk block surfaces must be well sealed with epoxy, the reason for this is that a part will be sealed against its sides and the surfaces will be constantly exposed to moisture when the craft is in the water. Now this part will be mounted to the underside of the deck using bronze ring nails and glue.

Note that a centerline has been drawn on the underside of the deck. This is used to locate the slot for the dagger board opening it is also used to locate the hatch opening.

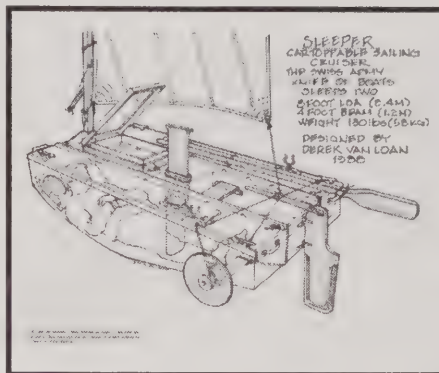
At this time it must be decided if the underside of the deck will be seal coated with epoxy or another sealer. (Varnish could also be used and would work fairly well, however, if you plan to use Sleeper a lot and have it a long time, then give it a couple of coats of epoxy.)

After all the mating surfaces have been carefully planed and faired, then the deck can be put in place. The lower half of the hull must be solidly braced and legs can be added

Building Sleeper

Part 7

By Don Elliott



until the deck is nailed in place.

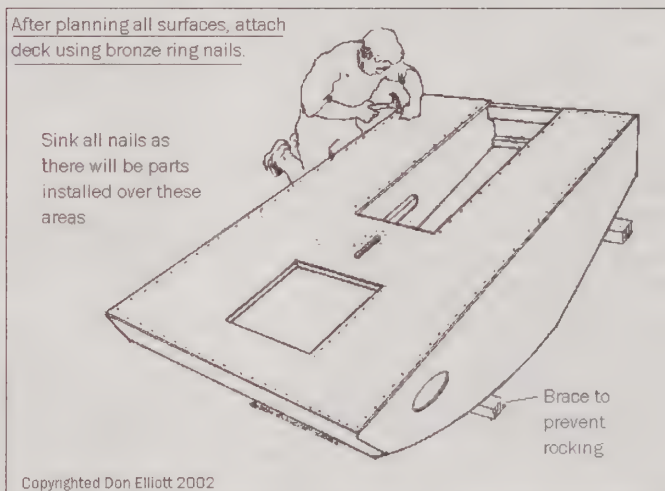
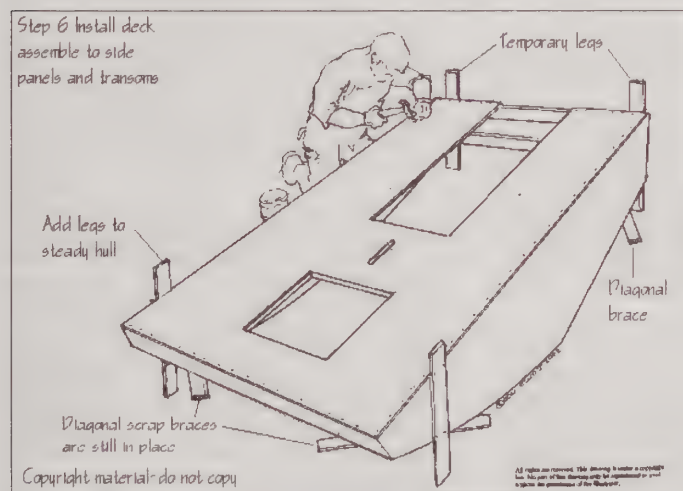
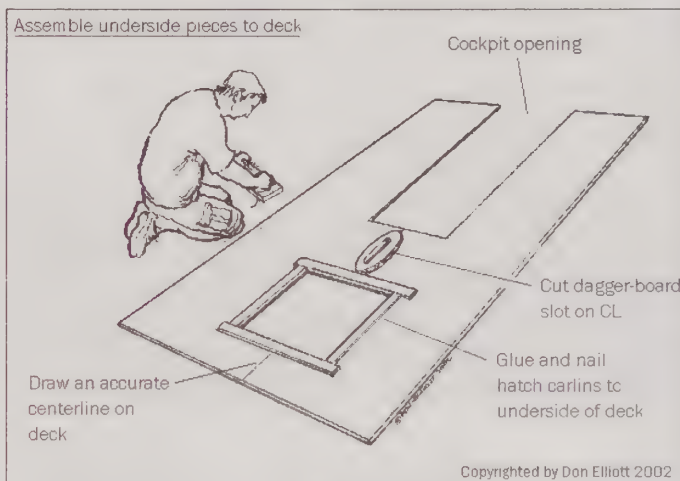
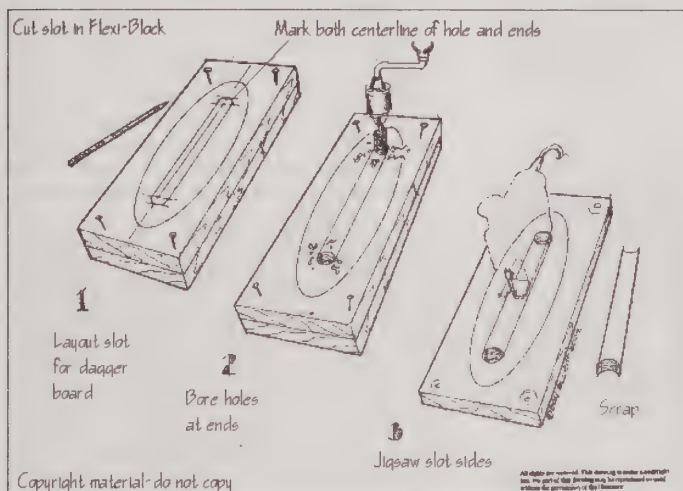
The cockpit sides and ends are also nailed in place at this time. (Alternate supports are shown if legs won't be used.)

All nail heads must be driven below the upper surface of the deck, the reason for this is other pieces of wood or parts will be placed over these areas. Where there are no parts covering the nail heads, indentations must be filled and faired.

The filler that will be the easiest to fair smooth will be the lightest filler that is available, and that happens to be West's Microlight filler (410). Bondo and more dense fillers are harder to sand than Microlight. Using Microlight filler as a fairing putty for this and all your fairing work will save you a lot of time, cutting the building time down significantly.

(To Be Continued)

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Dido was a custom design for Aeneas Precht of Fielding, Saskatchewan. She was meant for lake sailing, including large lakes in the far north such as Lac La Ronge, which can be rough. She was one of several designs we've done that are supposed to be able to get around without a motor, eliminating messy oil and dangerous gasoline, noise, a theft hazard with outboard motors or a more or less degraded sailing performance with an inboard, and considerable expense. There's a sporting challenge as well. For lake sailing, where there are no streams either from tide or river current, rowing works well whenever there is not enough wind to sail.

Quite a few boats of this type have been built to our plans, mainly about 160 production Dovekies which are well liked plus an unknown number of Birdwatchers and a few other types. To work well they have to have minimum wetted surface, friction over which is all of the hydrodynamic drag at the 3 knot speed they can make under oars. The rudder and whatever they have for lateral plane have to retract clear of the water. The rig should be readily struck down to a low height where surface friction diminishes the wind speed, under 5' in this case, for the occasions when it is necessary to row her against the wind.

A pair of 9' oars with ideal geometry develop considerable power for a short distance to get through a bottleneck passage or

Bolger on Design

Dido

Oar Auxiliary Cat Yawl

Design #431

Length Overall 25'7" (7.8m)
 Breadth overall 6'7" (2.0m)
 Draft of Hull 7" (.18m)
 Draft w/Maximum Leeboard (3'5") (1.6m)
 Working SA 166sf (15.4sm)
 Optional Reaching Spinnaker 81sf (7.5sm)

to shift berth. And, of course, lowering the mast saves noise in the night and the chance of dragging anchor and allows passing low bridges and tree branches. In conjunction with the long sprit boom, the lowered mast lends itself to setting up a good tent over the open and non-draining cockpit (used to keep the weight low in the boat). She has space for four people to lie down, two in a near queen-sized double berth.

Aeneas had worked out a prefabricated Airex fiberglass construction for her which allowed harder curves in section than plywood, though it did have to avoid compound curves. The projection used allowed unusually sharp entrance waterlines combined with

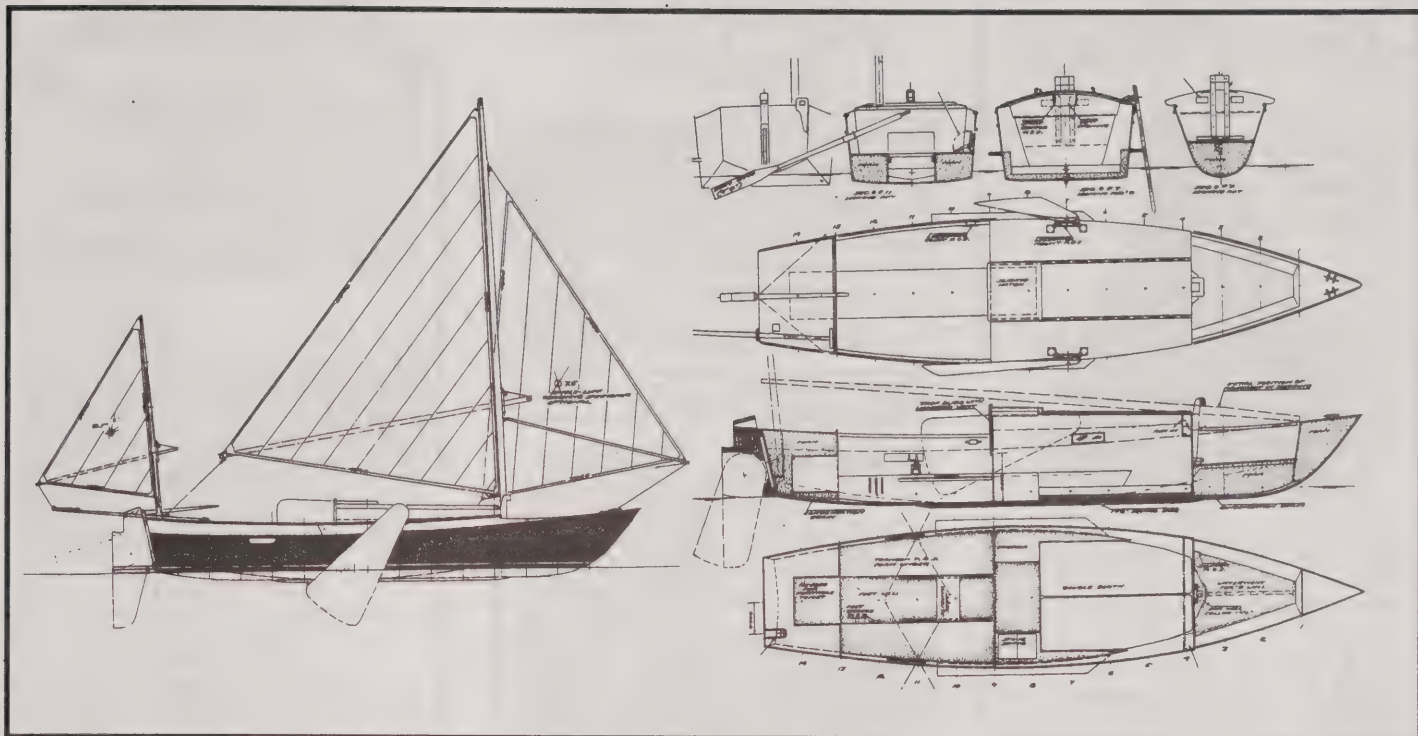
good buoyancy at the bow and a perfectly flat midbody for maximum sail carrying power. To duplicate this hull in more conventional construction, the bottom, or at least the forward end of it, would have had to be strip construction or cold molded in thin veneers. The rest of it could be sheet plywood of ordinary thickness. The boat came out fair and smooth and performed well, but we guess that the moldwork needed made her labor intensive.

She had no ballast, except a few pounds to make the leeboards go down, and got her stability to carry the small and low rig from her hull form supplemented by crew weight sitting on the weather side as low as a view forward allowed. The hull is so shallow that it does not generate deep waves and is not subject to the speed limitations of deeper and heavier types, she could reach and run in a fashion that could be called planing. She was said to be a handful to steer when doing so, though she never got out of control. The leeboards were said to "pound rather severely in heavy seas unless raised;" i.e., they would swing off the guards and slam back in, which is one reason we no longer use this Dutch type geometry for leeboards.

The cuddy has a high watertight sill. If she got her rail in the water in a knockdown, she could ship a lot of water before any of it got below with the bedding. It would, of course, have to be pumped or bailed out of the cockpit. She has a large volume of positive buoyancy, intended to float her high and stable even if the cuddy, as well as the open cockpit, flooded (the water can be very cold, and help not necessarily close, in some of her sailing waters). Nowadays we would give her a "Birdwatcher type" raised deck to make the watertight volume much higher to give her a greater range of stability, but Dido's raised deck and high stern buoyancy make her forgiving compared with most conventional shallow boats.

Dido had some good sailing, but she burned up in storage when she was only a year or two old. Aeneas replaced her with a Birdwatcher modified to suit the same cored glass construction used in Dido. Not being limited by standard plywood sizes, he gave her higher hull sides with correspondingly narrower transparencies to the same overall height. The result, shown in the second photo, is certainly sleek and the boat has given good satisfaction, but we would stay with the original proportions on account of the better view from inside, especially forward. After all, one of the great attractions of Birdwatcher is the pleasure of sailing her in shade and shelter in all weathers while ideally placed to help her stand up to her sail.

Plans of Dido, our Design #431, are available for \$250 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube. The plans are metric and are for the fiberglass construction.



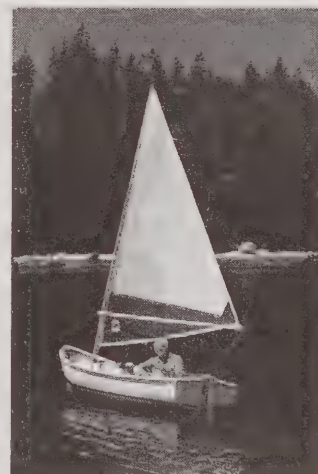
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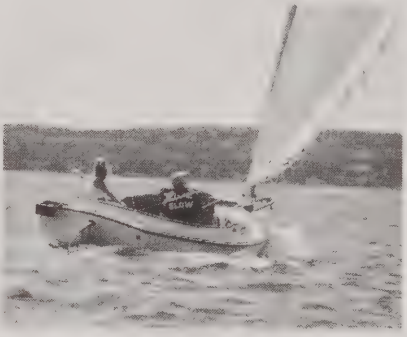
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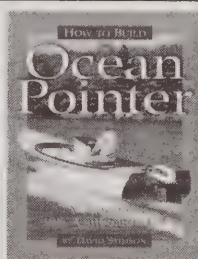


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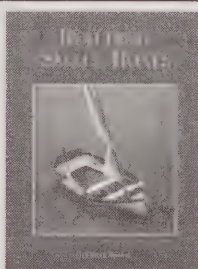
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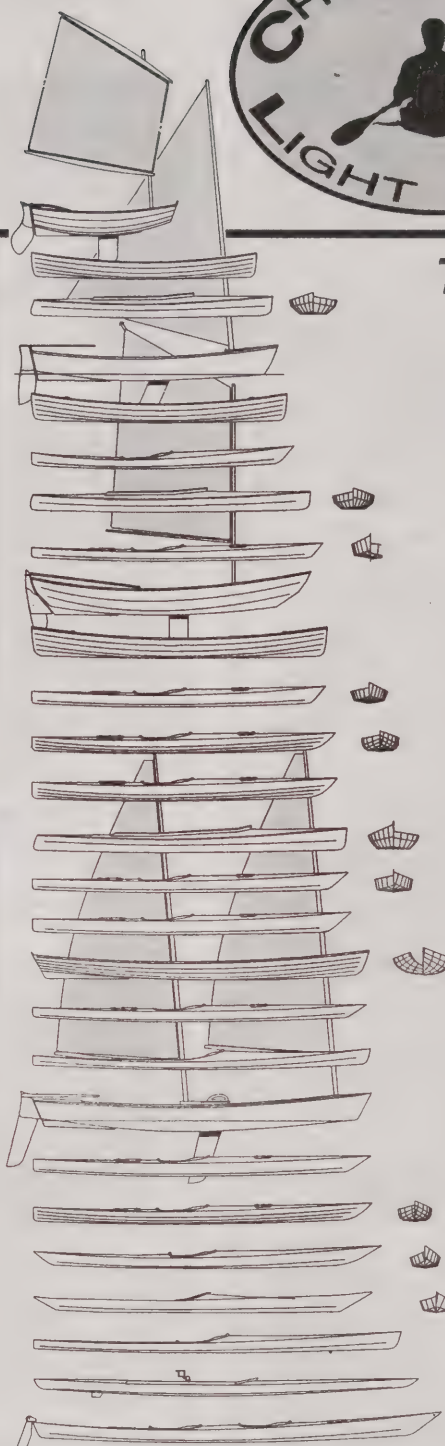
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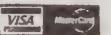
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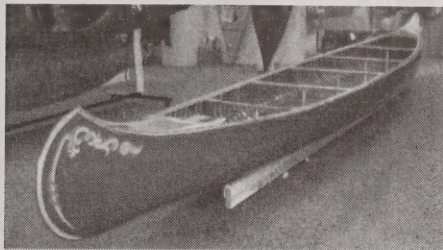
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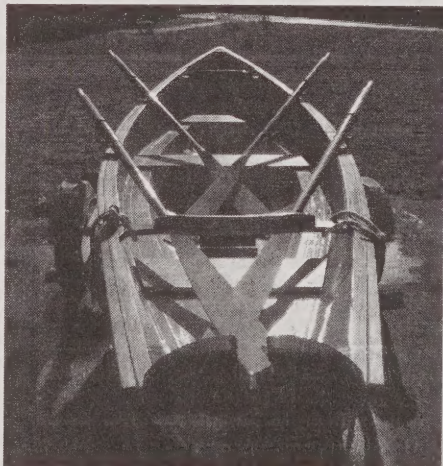
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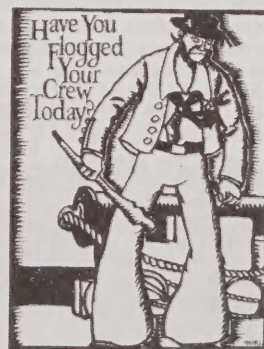
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R. MOODY, P.O. Box 692, Enfield, CT 06083, (860) 741-3384. (21)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Oak Deck Cleats, 8", 1 pr. \$25ppd.
WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd., Garden, MI 49835. (20)

GEAR FOR SALE



A Tough Jacktar, holding his billy stick (18th C. British sailor) is featured on this T-shirt. Dramatic woodcut printed on an Ash Grey shirt. The words say it all! Perfect gift for any sailor, rower, or old salt! Medium-X large \$17.00, XXL \$19.00, S&H \$4.50 in North America. We accept Visa, Master Card & American Express.
NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, (207) 985-6134, Fax (207) 985-7633, crow@norsgear.com www.norsgear.com (TFP)

Chris Craft Step Pads, pair lg white w/chromed frames. \$100. Windshield Brackets, small 3 piece w/internal running lights, believed to be Canadian. Nd rechrome. \$300. Both plus shipping. ROY ROYAL, Columbus, MI, (313) 322-7967, <rrroyal@ford.com> (21)

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as simply messing about in boats.

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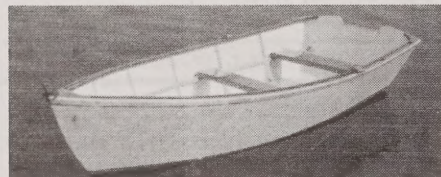
GEAR WANTED

O'Day Javelin or Daysailer Rudder, any cond. Also cockpit seat hatch cover. PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (21)

Trailer, for keel/CB sailboat (23' O'Day) in gd cond, to move boat from LI/NY to ME. Boat weighs 3,000lbs, draft 2'4". Probably nds to be bunk type & galv or alum. Expect to pay \$1,000 or higher for near new shape. Will travel to pick up. Appreciate info.

ED CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, <edeshea@tdstelme.net> (21)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Build the Mummichog 12, 11'4" x 4'3". At around 110 lbs, it's easy to row & can be powered by a 5hp OB. Simple tape seam construction. A no scarf option is included in plans. Less than 4 sheets of marine plywood are used. Plans and instructions, \$50. More at www.chogboats.com JERRY MATHIEU CUSTOM SKIFFS, Box 3023 Westport, MA, (508) 679-5050 or (508) 636-8020. (21P)



Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat), Bolger design, 15'6" x 4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20. DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, 186 Almonte Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 (TFP)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet. DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

When You Can't Get On The Water, board a good book, visit... www.bookboating.com (21P)

Tursiops Sea Kayak Plans, Michael Alford design, from *WoodenBoat*. Incl plans & brief bldng instr/scantlings/materials list from designer. Never built to plans, no more 1-seaters! \$35. ROBERT JACOBS, Fresno, CA, (559) 228-8718. (20)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN-L.COM: Customer photos, **FREE** how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes **FREE** Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, 562-630-6258 www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

WoodenBoats, oldest #42, occasional through 50s, 60s and 70s. Compl from 77 through 112, some recent from 117 through 133. Bundled in lots of 10 or less, by the bundle at \$1 per issue plus shipping. BOB BROWN, 12936 Galaxie Ave., Apple Valley, MN 55124, (952) 432-7557. (21)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Iron Fist, autobiography of Karl Kiekhaefer of mercury fame, by Rodengen. BOB WHITTIER, Duxbury, MA, whittier@mymailstation.com (20)

New Jersey Garvey Type Hull Plans, drawings, etc for 24' 27' scow nose. Must be trailerable. MATTEO AUGUGLIARO, Smith's Creek, MI, (810) 989 4600. (20)

MISCELLANEOUS MARINE RELATED FOR SALE

www.kleppers.org. (TFP)

Sailboat Delivery, from Traverse City, MI area to Rochester, NY or Baltimore, MD area. Boat is full keel w/durable steel cradle, measures 22'6" loa x 7'5" beam x 2'6" draft, 4,100lbs. DANIEL BOLBROCK, Brewster, MA, (508) 385-94529. (21)

Hatch Cover Coffee Table, authentic hatch cover coffee table made from a WWII Liberty Ship hatch cover. Table measures 30"x60"x2-1/2", varnished & bound on each end w/heavy steel strap, and has two handholds. This table is vly heavy & much too big for my house. Not a reproduction. If you have the space it would make a great addition to any room with a nautical theme. I have seen coffee tables like this advertised on the web for over \$2,000. I will sell this one for \$1,000. LARRY DOW, Eliot ME, (207) 439 8488, <sailse32@aol.com> (20)

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

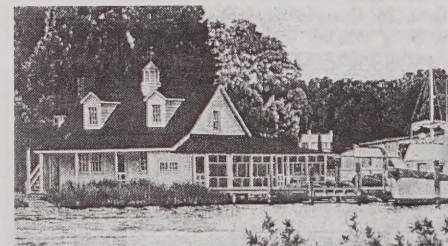


Class to Build Your Own Sailboat, "Sailor Girl" is the sharpie design of instructor John Wilson. 12' plywood and epoxy hull (100lbs) equally well maneuvered by oar or sail. May 14-15-16, 2004. \$750 complete with sail. JOHN WILSON, Charlotte, ME, (517) 543-5325. (21P)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR RENT

New Weekly Rental Cottage, "Toad Hall" on 9 Mile Pond nr Bar Harbor, ME. Paddlers' Paradise. Slps 5-6. \$1,200/wk. BONNIE DEAN, Blue Hill, ME, (207)374-3773. (20)

Get Away Vacation Rental, secluded home on Lake Huron 3 miles from DeTour Village in the UP of Michigan. Direct access to famous North Channel of Lake Huron. Over 500' of private waterfront, private dock on protected Lake Huron bay. 6yr home on 1 floor sleeping 6 w/compl apartment over attached 2 car garage sleeping 7. Features full laundry, hot tub, deck, sandy beach. Home \$800/wk. Home & apartment \$1,100/wk. Apartment \$300/wk. ROBERT/JEAN BLOOM, Detour Village, MI, (906) 297-6105, rjbloom@sault.com (TFP)

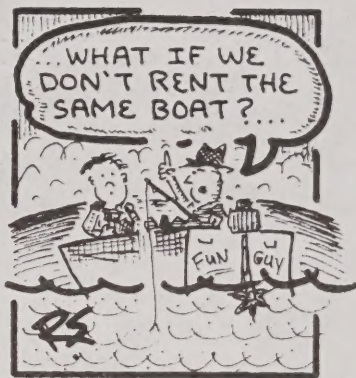


Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486. (TF)

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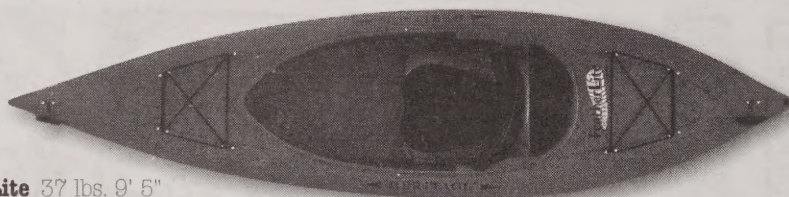
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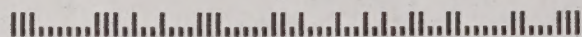
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Just enjoy and take it all in, even in the snow! Bradley Lake, Andover, N.H. Photo: Brownell

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